

Watching The Movie: Bonds Under Ocean Waves

by CFTW

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Summary: NO ONE READS THE PROFILE PAGES...(Hiatus due to lack of a computer.)Watching the movies, all four of them. (Yes, four.)

1. Prolouge: Dissonance

There are a few things I notice about most "Watching The Movie" fanfics. One, they all follow the same general script, which makes sense as just about any movie has it's script posted on the internet if someone cares to look. Two, these fan-fictions almost never finish, possibly because of number three, being that the authors, while they usually say they don't own the franchise, don't give credit to the script writers. Four about these fictions, they offer very little in the way of their own storyline, if any, characters are pulled from whatever they were doing randomly and dropped into a dark room with a movie screen, occasionally equipped with a food court.(Possibly another reason they die, out of sheer repetitive boredom on the author's side.) That's all. Movie rolls, they commentate until the presumed end of fiction, roll credits.

Well I don't want to see that here, so first off, I'm going to break these molds. First step is to give proper credit where due. So! Hi ho, don't you dare skip this, credit that is earned is due!

The script I will use in this story is written by both Dean DeBlois & Chris Sanders, their final draft version 2010, February 13th. (These two also meshed to direct Lilo and Stitch, which is another thing I love, so kudos to these two.) It's not mine, so don't think it is. (As if any insane person could think I own that movie script...pleeease... x_x)

I will edit the script slightly to suit my purposes when I begin to use it, which won't be instantly, so be warned if you plan to cross-reference. I plan the "Let's watch the movie" bit to be maybe in chapter three or four, possibly five.

Will Davies, as well as the above mentioned Dean DeBlois and Chris Sanders, were in charge of screenplay.

DreamWorks Animation was the production company for the How to Train Your Dragon movie, it was distributed by Paramount Pictures, and the original story this movie was based on was written by Cressida Cowell. (Rather imaginatively written I might add.)

What I own in this story: Nothing. Not the universe, franchise or even premise. I own nothing but an active imagination. I have no credit over Norse characters, Mythology has that covered. My interpretation of them is loosely based and subject to debate.

This story may touch upon adult themes, and indeed will use some squick worthy ones. Keep your brain bleach handy~

Thank you.~ Finalage.

~Bonds Made Under Ocean Waves~

A How To Train Your Dragon Fan Fiction: Watching the Movie

>(Semi)<p>

**~Bonds Made Under Ocean Waves**

**Prologue: Dissonance.**

_Hiccup's heart pounded in his chest like a trapped bird banging against it's bars, frenzied, demented, begging for release to fly free and escape to never return. His limbs swung fluidly, rag-doll like in the grip of the one meaty hand of his father, his fear for Toothless overriding even his own life at this moment, when his father opened the door to the great hall and tossed him in, he barely got his wits about him in time to land on his feet. He stumbled forwards, taking a few running steps to keep up-right as the smell of musty sweat and old sheep's wool, yak skin and ale assaulted his nose, one that was just recovering from the burnt stench of brimstone and metal, of hate, of fear...of anger. _

_Hiccup rose his eyes shakily to see the giant figure of his father relentlessly bearing down upon him. His father would always overshadow him, always with that disappointed scowl on his face...he pushed past him roughly, striding to the mantle place where he began to pace. He began in a low voice, but his tone brooked anger barely controlled. His bear like father would not remain quiet for long in this hall, plastered with tapestries riddled with heroes bellowing victories over the very foe Hiccup had just shown to side with.

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Their cloth eyes would soon mirror his father's anger. Hiccup was sure of it. He inwardly gulped as the voice began.

"_I shoulda known...I shoulda seen the signs..."_

His accent was filled with clouded anger, his rage was bubbling to the surface...Hiccup could only squeak out a weak "Dad" before his father exploded.

"_We had a deal Hiccup!"_

"_I-I know we did, Dad please, that was before...ugh, it so messed up..."_

His father turned to him, aghast. Messed up? Was that it? Was that all he had to say? Hiccup saw his father's anger bubbled further, faster. Everything he had heard about, his relief, his final glorious release...a trick, a lie...and his son could only say it was "messed up"? He stalks his son, and hiccup begins to splutter.

"_I screwed up, I should have told you something before now. Please, please just...just take this out on me, be mad at me, please...just...just don't hurt Toothless."_

The Dragon...it had a NAME? He had NAMED that MONSTER? Stoic exploded again, only this time it was tinged with worry...had his son gone mad?

"_The DRAGON? That's...THAT'S what you're worried about? Not the people you ALMOST KILLED?"_

"_He was just protecting me! He's not-"_

"_They've killed HUNDREDS of us Hiccup!"_

"_And we've killed THOUSANDS of them Dad! They defend themselves!"_

Stoic turned away from his son. Brain-washed. His son was mad, raving. He had...he had thrown his lot with these monsters...His son continued to splutter until he hit upon something...he said there was something else on their island...he stalks his son again, and the boy shrinks even smaller than his diminutive size.

"_Their Island? So, you've been to the nest..."_

"_Did I say that? Uhhh..."_

"_How did you find it!"_

"_N-no...I-I didn't...Toothless did, only a dragon can find the nest."_

Suddenly an idea, a, glorious idea, sparkles in Stoic's mind...his eyes flare in the light, and Hiccup's fear intensifies. He no longer has any fear for himself. No, it's all for His father and Toothless, somehow the two had wrapped themselves around his heart in a bind he could not break, his heart could not beat from the pain of the constricting band. Stoic begins to stalk towards the doorway, unseeing.

"_No, No, Oh no, No, Dad, No. Dad, No, it's not what you think..."_

"_Yesss..."_

_Like a whisper in his ear from Niflheim herself, or a gift from Loki, Stoic sees it, and his blathering, brain washed, useless son was in his way. He was still blaring away like an old fisher-wife. A

whisper in his mind, a nudge, and his hand massaged his axe.
Yes...the dragon would meet it's end just by this...or his
hammer...By the sword was nice too..._

"_...You don't know what you're up against it's like nothing you've
ever see before...Please, please, listen to me, I promise you can't
win this one!"_

_Hiccup, desperate, grabs his father's arm, and in one smooth
movement he is sent flying, and Stoic, seized by rage of his son
insinuating that the dragons were better, stronger than the vikings,
the children of Thor himself! That LOKI had spawned better...he
grabbed a sword from the mantle place in anger and turned
away._

"_Dad for once in your life would you please listen to me!"_

_Stoic turned around and stood deathly still, the sword in his hand.
He stalked towards his son, his anger mounting with each
step._

"_You've thrown your lot in with them..."_

_He grabs Hiccup and lifts him bodily, tossing him to the Great
Hall's table. Hiccup looks up at this father, and all fear is lost,
his mind is a blank slate in the face of his father's
rage._

"_You're not a viking...you're not my son..."_

_A single slash, the blade burning red in the firelight, and then a
thud as Stoic turns around. He does not stop to watch the offending
thing roll along the ground, nor does he pause to listen to the blood
dripping along the floor. Instead, his mind is filled with the image
of a dragon's head below his foot, and he does not pause as he opens
the door and calls for the men to ready the ships._

_The crime of siding with the enemy in war is treason, the punishment
for treason is death._

_As the head stopped rolling, no one was around to see the glassy
stare or eyes that would no longer see from that body, ever
again._

Hiccup the Useless had died.

Hiccup the Unrequited was born.

**+~-E-~+**

_I wrote this prologue in one hour. So please keep this in mind while
you pick at it._

_The word "Dissonance" means "To lack consistency" or "Jarring,
discordant sound" It is usually used in music. Here it means,
obviously the jarring difference in paths taken by Stoic in regards
to Hiccup's transgression of Viking law. In one his love stays his
hand only enough to put off the decision for later, simply disowning
the boy until he can make a proper choice, in this case, his rage
instead leads him to take the law in his own hands and be judge, jury

and executioner. It's well within his rights legally...but the choice provides a jarring difference in how the plays go this way. _

I killed Hiccup. In the prologue. Oh me oh my.

I'm a monster, aren't I?

*Grins rather evilly*

Have fun~

~Finalage.

2. Awakening

I am writing this about three minutes after submitting my prologue, so I'm sorry if I do not instantly answer any of your reviews, check the bottom of this document for that, by the time I wrote that; some of you will have reviewed, if you have, and I will have then been able to respond.

_Another thing I dislike about these types of stories is how they place such heavy emphasis on Author Avatar characters, and even cameos, to the point of even sexualizing them, even when it is fairly inappropriate. I'm not talking about this section alone, and I won't name names, but it goes a bit far, so much so that the detail is perfectly clear for the cameo, but for the story itself? Negative.

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Personally speaking I dislike author cameos. I remember using this device once, and I never did much with it, I could hardly call it a cameo and more of an O.C. I decided before I started to write this that I will not have a cameo in this story, sorry if this disappoints~.

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Dean DeBlois, Chris Sanders & Will Davies were in charge of screenplay for How To Train Your Dragon. DeBlois and Sanders together wrote and drafted the movie script.~Finalage.

Warnings:

This chapter contains:

Headless Shenanigans and Dark Humor.

**~Bonds Under The Ocean Waves**

**~Chapter One: Awakening**

Astrid stood above the docks, looking out to the sea. She still could see the ghost images of the ships, enough to fill the horizon, leaving their docks. Berk had mobilized every able man, woman and even some near-adults to fill their ships to set sail, for Helheim's Gate. Why? Why hadn't he just...killed that dragon when he found it in the woods? He had said he had shot one down, and nobody believed

him...but she had seen, after experiencing the magical flight, how the dragon was even able to fly...Hiccup had rebuilt it's tail.

A downed dragon, was a dead dragon.

It had been at his mercy. He could have killed it. It would have been better for everyone if he had...

So, why hadn't he?

She had watched his body be burned in a bonfire, the ashes scattered along the ground and rubbed into the earth. For a traitor, there was no burial at sea, no funeral pyre. Hiccup's spirit would be unable to climb to Valhalla, if he even had deserved a place there. Doomed forever to roam the earth or be taken into Niflheim. She shivered involuntarily...his father...his father would die on the island.

She knew this as surely as she could breathe. No amount of vikings could tackle that thing when it's very mouth was the size of one of their ships, let alone what the rest of it's head, or even it's whole body, looked like.

He would die a heroes death, sending everyone to kill themselves against that thing, and Hiccup, who had tried to stop him, would burn in Hel. The thought was so ridiculous that she burst out laughing...and once she started she could not stop. Not for a long while. She laughed like a mad-woman, almost rolling along the wooden platform that kept her from falling into the sea.

At some point or another, her laughter eased and she was struck by another thought.

Now all she had for a prospective husband her age in this tribe was Fishlugs, Tuffnut and _Snotlout_. Again, she found this supremely funny, but she managed to prevent herself from laughing with the worrying thought that she was going mad. Then again what did it matter if she was mad? As long as she died a heroes death she could dine in Freyja's hall. Mad as a hatter didn't matter, she could lose her yak and _cook it_ for all the gods cared! Vikings didn't need minds! They needed strength and good big children, and deeds of valor!

Somewhere along these lines, she fell to mirth again as the sun watched over her progression into mourning without comment. The sun had seen worse. It would continue to do so. It slipped further down along it's winding path towards the horizon, and across the sea, another party was about to lose their heads, in a different sense.

Fog encompasses all sight but for the span of an arm's length away from the eyes of vikings piled high in ships that absorbed the misty dampness about them, the damp even clung to the vikings themselves, slicking arms and soaking beards. A sound off was called for, and more than once the helmsman of a ship was tempted to call the truth out, that they hadn't a clue where they were. One of them actually did.

Stoic looks to Toothless, watching the dragon as it lay in it's bonds as if dead. It had struggled immensely until it had seen Hiccup brought out...in two pieces. The body first, and then the head tossed

unto the burning fire pit, the sickening smell of burning wet meat filling the air. The dragon had gone deathly still then, and then had collapsed in it's bonds. It's eyes almost seemed to morph from the pinpricks of animalistic anger into something Stoic would have called a predatory look, if not for the body radiating what he could only pin down to remorse.

Yet he was imagining things. He was projecting his own misplaced sadness at the loss of a useless son upon a mindless beast. Yet still, he had to admit, the devil was no longer struggling. It was not doing much of ANYTHING mind you, but it was no longer tossing it's weight about as if to up-end the ship. It was a powerful devil. Gobber was babbling something or other. Stoic said the only thing that was on his mind.

"Find the nest and take it."

A twitch of the ears. Stoic stared. Could this be...? Gobber continued to babble and Stoic silenced him with an arm.

Another twitch, and it's head came up, slowly, but with fire of hatred in it. It turned and looked to it's right, as if listening...Stoic pushed the men out of his way as he strode to the tiller, forcing the man on it to the side in his impatience. He pulls it in the same direction the dragon is silently indicating, navigating without deterrent to anything else, even as the ship scrapes by a sea stack. Eventually, they come across another one of their own ships, old, half sunken and held aloft by the jagged rocks it had crashed into. Gobber makes some comment designed to alleviate tension, but Stoic doesn't hear it.

Instead, his eyes are all for the dragon, and he continues to steer without care until they beach on an island. Stoic heaved his bulk over the edge of the ship with a single bound and landed cat like on the gravel like earth, the silence suddenly converging upon him and pressing down on his ears, deafening all. His eyes scoured the rock face, and saw, almost as a flash of half-remembered after thought, a dragon's tail twitch back into it's hiding hole.

They were here.

â€|

The first thing he was aware of was that he was dry. Dry and very, very light. In fact, he could hardly feel his body at all, as if it had gone curiously numb. He was not particularly worried about this however, because of the next factor he found. He was warm. Comfortably warm. Not sweltering warm like the forge or semi-cold warm like standing at the threshold of your heated house to the winter snow, but comfortably warm, like resting besides Toothless.

Instantly as he thought of Toothless, he remembered that his name was Hiccup. He didn't really understand how he could have forgotten his name up to this point, more like it did not matter up until this point, what his name was. Yet, there it was. He had a name.

It was terrible.

Still, some voice that he vaguely pinned down to be his own snarked

at him, saying no, it was not a great name, but it's not the worst. He idly wondered what was the worst name just before he was aware that his head was lying on something soft. As this became apparent, he realized it was dark. In opening them, he discovered that yes, he still had eyes.

Why did he think he would not have them again?

He found his vision was pretty fixed upwards, he could not turn his head, but he left this fact alone for the moment. His eyes roamed what he could see. The ceiling appeared to be made of stone, which surprised him. The walls too, seemed to be made of stone, so he surmised he was in a cave. He saw, off to the edge of his vision, a mass of Blonde. It looked like a messy wig...but it was moving.

As the shaggy head came closer, he saw it was not a fur wig, but a person's actual hair atop their head. A face he found familiar for some reason. The person, a girl, looked pleased as she stepped up towards him. He took in her form of dress and instantly closed his eyes.

Muddled as he was, he was certain that the person in front of him wasn't fully dressed. He struggled the string together some thought, and tried to speak, and found he could not. His mouth moved uselessly. He heard a sigh.

"Of course. No lungs, no voice. Hang on there a sec...I wonder...oh never mind, let's try this one on for size!"

He felt himself being picked up and he opened his eyes to discover an obvious fact he had not taken in until now.

He could not feel his body because, frankly, he had none. His eyes closed again.

At the moment he felt he should be shocked, but he was simply curious. He tried to recall why he did not have a body. Was he always this way? No, something told him not.

Slowly as he felt himself being lifted higher, he felt the memory coming back. He had a father. His father had beheaded him. So. He was dead. So why was he still a thinking head? He felt himself being pushed into something and quite suddenly, he was aware of hands and feet and legs, arms and the whole enchilada. He opened his mouth and promptly produced a hacking cough. The girl whom he towered over looked up at him sheepishly.

"Sorry, your first time, you're bound to cough some. Just get it out."

"Astrid, why aren't you...uhh...dressed?"

The girl, so addressed, looked up at him. She wore a simple leathery skirt of some muddy brown, and he called it a skirt in a loose form, as it was more of a something that was tied about her waist, like a towel. It fell short of her knees. She wore what he assumed was a leather breastplate on top and that was just about it. Her feet were bare. So was her head, save for the long, blonde, dirty and messy locks.

"Astrid? Oh. Her. No...I'm not...well I'm not Astrid."

She gave him a Cheshire-like grin and tilted her head to he side. Hiccup was reminded of Ruffnut when she found something potentially chaos-causing and wanted to keep it a secret. He inwardly prepared himself.

"So...who are you? Where am I...and...this isn't my body is it...where is my body?"

Her smile faltered slightly, but it hitched up again.

"I don't have a name like you do. I died before I could be given a proper ceremony or introduced to the Great Hall. I stole one for myself though! It's Camicazi. You're in Hel, and that's Dilbert's body you're using."

"Dilbert?"

"Yo."

Hiccup looked down to see a demonic head sitting in the crook of the girl's, well...Camicazi's, arm. He stared. He suddenly felt distinctly uncomfortable. He took a step forwards and almost fell, but he steadied himself against the wall, which made a sound like a hallow drum being beat when his hand slapped against it. He inwardly panicked a little at that.

"Uhm...where is my body?"

Camicazi looked him up and down before grinning again, head once more tilted to the side.

"You sure you don't want to use that one? It suits you."

Her grin became more impish.

"Or would you prefer a woman's...?"

Hiccup almost tripped over air.

"NO, No thank you. I am alright in that area, thanks...I just want my own body."

She weighed him with her eyes for a space of time.

"I would have thought you wouldn't want it anymore...after all the trouble it's given you. Useless, talking fish-bone, isn't that what they call you?"

Hiccup looked at her, surprised.

"Yes but...how did you...?"

She cut him off.

"Did yah' know that the Hofferson's usually have twins in their family? Astrid's mother is one of twins. Her grandfather is too. She has two younger twin brothers."

Hiccup felt a light bulb pop up in his head.

"...and you're Astrid's twin? A stillborn?"

The girl looked at him side-along, and there was something slightly sad in her look.

"You know if I had lived, I would have wanted to be born a Bog Burglar? They have such a simple way of life. You need something, you steal it. Simple."

Side tracked, Hiccup looked down at her.

"You mean you'd want to thief everything you needed? That's nothing to want for yourself..."

Camicazi brushed a few strands of fly away hair from her shoulder and did not answer Hiccup immediately, but when she did there was gravity behind her words.

"My life was stolen from me by my sister. I figure I owe the world more than a little thievery in return."

Hiccup had nothing to say to that one. She turned to look at him full on.

"Don't you steal everything you see when you draw it in that note book of yours? You steal it and take it with you. When you read, you steal from the pages. You've done your own thieving. Why can't I do mine?"

Silence. Hiccup cast about for something to say, anything to break this weird conversation. Camicazi did it for him however.

"You weren't supposed to die you know. You were supposed to be this grand hero or something. Niflheim can't stop laughing her head off about it. She says Odin's beard has never been in so many knots. You're one of the best steals she's ever made, thanks to your father..."

She paused for a space.

"If you really want that old body of yours...then come with me. It's in one of these boxes."

**+~-E-~+**

Oiii...when are you getting to the movie?! Patience. I told you already, probably by chapter three to five. I am going to tell you now, I am going to hope for weekly updates. (Once I get the groundwork down that is.) Or at worst, bi-monthly. I only just came out of Hiatus, and I have another story on my belt from a prior engagement that I need to finish. The chapters will probably stay around this length. 1.5~2.5k is short for me, but I think for this story it will have to suffice if I want to keep both my stories going properly update wise. (My usual chapter length is 4k~10k, 8k Optimal.)

_I was corrected from my last chapter. Apparently someone has actually finished their watching the movie, but most don't.

—
_Before you blare at me, I have never had the chance to read the books that spawned the movie franchise. Although I know some facts about them and know the general storyline from research, which allows me to appreciate Cressida Cowell's work, I have not read the books in their entirety, which means I do not have a clear idea of Camicazi's character, so I improvise with what I know. Don't yell at me that she's OOC. I know she's not actually Astrid's sister, this part is self made. _

I'm glad my work is enjoyable. I was purposely sketchy in this chapter because I wanted to save descriptions for next chapter, plus I wanted this out the door relatively quickly.

3. Atonement

Again, this section of my notes is written before I have received any reviews, so if you are looking for answers to yours, check the bottom~

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Dean DeBlois, Chris Sanders & Will Davies were in charge of screenplay for How To Train Your Dragon. DeBlois and Sanders together wrote and drafted the movie script.~Finalage.

Warnings:

This chapter contains~

Headless Shenanigans

Character Death

Dark Humor

Lots and lots of Character death.

â€|_Did I mention character death?_

Bonds Under Ocean Waves

Chapter 2: Atonement

"I've watched you for years. I like to watch Berk. See the place I would have had a life in. You're kinda my usual focal point, you and Astrid."

Camicazi spoke as she looked about the piles of boxes that littered the area around them. Dilbert's head sat on a stack of boxes that had already been checked. Besides her, Hiccup scanned the boxes themselves, looking for a small one. Camicazi didn't bother with that and simply opened every one she found...he preferred to value the privacy of the person in question.

Besides, the last time he opened a box, there was a live two people in there, and they were in the middle of something that Hiccup would rather he never had to interrupt again...so he was simply looking for a short, small and thin box among the masses of different boxes he saw...it was no fool-proof method, but it was worth a shot. Camicazi had already shown him boxes that were huge but had tiny people in them, or a huge person squeezed like a contortionist into a tiny one...

"You know, I'm kinda glad you died."

Hiccup did not immediately answer this comment, but instead prised the lid off another box. This one was empty. Great. Just great. There were empty ones in here too. Brilliant. Just...peachy. He spoke after tossing the empty box over his head. None of the boxes where in any order at all, so this toss did not do anything negative for the dÃ©cor at all.

"Why, so Berk could be rid of it's nuisance?"

She did not turn around to look at him, but she was a tad softer of voice when she answered, peeking into another large box and then slamming it shut.

"So that I could finally meet you."

She did not say what she was thinking, that she could finally "steal" him for herself. She had watched that idiot sister of hers simply fawn herself about, completely oblivious to the attention of the perhaps ONE guy who was worth something in that village, (Besides Fishlegs because, honestly; she didn't find square-like blond boys attractive.) or that is was all directed at her. She had been too proud of her own strength to recognize any authority but her own fist's. She was a viking first and a nothing second. She was not worth Hiccup's time...

Herself however...she had liked the boy since she had first clapped dead eyes on him. Witty, resourceful, inventive and stubborn, he was a beacon of sunlight next to the dim half burnt candles of the others...and she was out to prove that she could be the same. He seemed the type to like sweet, innocent girls...well...she'd been in Hel too long to be sweet and innocent, but she bet she could be sweeter to him than "I punch you because I'm a viking and don't have feelings" Astrid.

Hiccup's triumphant exclamation prompted Camicazi to move. The boy had reached up and was...well, what it looked like was him trying to juggle Dilbert while pulling his own head out. Camicazi got there just in time to catch his head.

You pull your head out of the body, it will stop moving unless you gave it some final instructions for the next few seconds. Dilbert's head fell into place because the other arm was at a proper angle. The demon coughed and then picked up the box with Hiccup's own body as Camicazi juggled slightly with the head, as she had almost tripped over a fallen box and was in no mood to drop a bobbling head in some odd room.

Needless to say, Hiccup was very happy to get back on a pair of shoulders again, not the least reason being he disliked being

juggled. Still, after almost coughing up a lung, (not literally, at least not this time.) He did thank Camicazi for keeping a hold of him. He was still wearing his old clothing, which surprised him some. He thought you came naked...

"You do. Most of the time. Sometimes Niflheim takes pity on you and ports you with your clothes though. I guess she took pity on you. Speaking of her royal laziness, we probably should go see her now."

Oh great, now he was accepting pity from the mistress of Hel. Wonderful.

Hiccup could not have felt better. Nope. Not. At. All.

Catching his sarcasm? He was oozing it. He followed Camicazi out of the large, box filled room and into the open air, or as open as an underground pit of boiling fire and brimstone could get. Hiccup watched as some lava in front of him bubbled up and then burst, sending noxious gas and heat everywhere.

"Ahh, and this is why everyone stays inside! Or do you want to stay and soak up the stink?"

Despite himself, Hiccup grinned at her usage of a sarcasm he found rather similar to his own. Turning towards her, he told her quite simply that no, he would not, and didn't they have an appointment with "her royal laziness"? She grinned back at him.

"That we do. Come on, I can only handle so much stink in one day and this fills my quota."

Together, they vanished into the shadows and sped by rock faces and away from the rivers of stone towards the center of the realm...where Utgard's finest held council, the hall of Niflheim.

â€|

Stoic stood on the gravel like ground, disapproving of it's texture. He preferred ground that gripped you and kept you steady. This mess slipped from under his men and provided poor footing. Nevertheless, they sharpened their stave barriers and manned assembled catapults which Stoic outlined a plan to the others about how they would break open the nest from one strategic point, bottle-necking any beasts that had to escape and providing a funnel for their enemy to have to travel through. When they cracked open this nest, all Hel was going to break loose...

"...and my undies!"

Stoic almost, almost lost his focus on that comment, but he kept it with his classic air that befit his name, stoicism at it's finest, he soldiered on through the undies comment and inquired if everyone was ready. They were. It was time. Today...the dragons would leave. For good!

He rose his arm, and around him, ropes tightened. He let it hold there for a few seconds, taking in the scene of proud, noble vikings against mindless beasts. He caught the eyes of the black devil in bonds, who had fallen silent and once more looked like it wished to

be dead. He'd grant that wish gladly...but after this.

His arm fell and suddenly catapults were away, empty of burden as they flew straight and true into the rock-face, disfiguring it with an ugly, dark hole. Stoic climbed to it and peered in. Darker than Hel's heart and almost as cold. He narrowed his eyes and signaled for a flaming shot. Light the entrance up. The shot flew through the air...

and on it's way down the hole showed Stoic a sight that both made his heart swell with anticipatory rage, and made it shake with shock. Dragons lined the hole, every spare millimetre of it was taken up by wings, fangs eyes and scales. The dragons watched him. He watched them. They watched him. He rose his hammer.

They scattered like an upturned anthill relieves it's ants. All ways and directions they flew through the breach, and Stoic, Spitelout, Gobber and all others in the front reached to clash and smite, hammer and stab whatever they could reach in retaliation...only the dragons were not fighting them. They were fleeing, rats upon a sinking ship. After hitting nothing but air, the vikings watched in dull shock as the last of the beasts took flight and left the nest. Gobber looked up at the mass of cloud that was not water but scales.

"Is that it?"

He shrugged like a man who had been given an award after he was caught committing a crime. He turned to the others raising his arms.

"We've done it!"

Shouts, cheers and general din reigned as the vikings celebrated, but Stoic, quite suddenly, was filled with a vision of his son. Small, weak little Hiccup a boy who had grabbed his arm and pleaded with him, telling him he could not win this fight. He had murdered that boy.

For once, he swayed on the spot, floored with what he had done, and he did not even have any blood shed to justify it. The dragons had flown away...no, this was not right...something was off...and even as he thought it; a huge blast of wind hit him from the opening in the nest they had made, and it vaguely sounded like a roar, but... with far too much wind, the sound was too large.

"This is not over! Hold your ranks, keep together!"

He barely had mind to bellow what he did. His mind was consumed by the vision of a clinging boy, even as the ground cracked all around them and vikings began to scatter for cover, for a huge snout had appeared, and then a head, a claw, some...thing...was coming out of the hole, and it was breaking apart the entire mountain nest to do so. Stoic looked up, and up...and up...

"_Dad, please, no...I promise you can't win this one!_"

...aaaaand up.

His eyes full of a mountain made of dragon, Stoic watched the beast stretch up and look at them all with distaste and malice. His heart

shook from the shock, but his body would not. He was Stoic the vast...but this was vaster still.

"_For once in your life would you please listen to me!"_

"Odin help us."

Vikings scattered like skittles and no Odin came down to save them as the dragon dipped its head and roared at their faces. Stoic called for catapults, but for all the rocks they might have just thrown a twig at it. Its massive head dipped bucked one of them, smashing it to bits with its snout as it grabbed a viking by the teeth and tossed him up in the air, swallowing him as he came down, whole.

"TO THE SHIPS!"

Stoic could not even think about who said it, but he knew instantly that it was a faulty order. Even as some of the Vikings manned the ships for cast off, Stoic jumped up, waving and bellowing as best he could to get the attention of his tribe.

"No, NO!"

As predicted, the beast reared up with a breath and then came back down with a crash, its mouth snapped open with a gout of flame that encompassed several ships in flame, making vikings jump ship or be burnt to a crisp, for those too slow. The smell of burnt wood and flesh mingled with the sweat and fear that the cloying mists seem to take and hold in for each viking to breathe and enjoy. The dragon's tail swept out and taking a few vikings with it, crashed into a few more boats, crushing them and sinking them almost instantly. Stoic yelled to all who could hear to run to the other side of the island, and Spitelout took charge to push them out and away, but Gobber held fast and stubbornly limped after Stoic as he hurried towards the beast.

"Gobber go with the men."

"I'm staying here in case you're plannin' on doin' something crazy."

Stoic whipped around and grabbed Gobber's shoulder.

"I can buy them some time if I give that thing somethin' to hunt!"

Gobber smiled and grabbed Stoic's free hand. He had been upset with him for exacting textbook punishment upon his own son, but now in the face of the danger the boy had been trying to keep them from, his unease would have to be forgotten. They had a battle to fight, and if he went to Vallahalla today...he'd prefer to go while on good terms with his old friend.

"Then I can double that time."

Stoic smirked, but at that exact moment the dragon screeched as it recognized a group of people Spitelout was leading as escapees and drew a sharp breath.

"NO! Get down!"

Stoic seemed to move in slow motion as he ran, his eyes widening as he saw the gas gather and then ignite, saw it barrel across the land as he reached down and plucked a barrier pike and chuck it at the beast. He watched his men go down too late.

Spitelout was cooked in his armor as the pike smacked against the dragon's head, and it turned, irritated, towards Stoic. Stoic kept his eyes glued on the dragon, his hate and bile rising as his mind replayed that moment, his own flesh and blood being cooked in his armor.

"Here!"

Stoic barely heard Gobber yell his own accent, for the blood of war was pounding in his ears as he waved about his hammer and snatched another pike, throwing it at the beast's snout. It did not seem interested in Stoic, instead it sent a gout of flame at another retreating group, but another pike to the nose made it miss slightly. Some vikings lost beards and a few others got sides roasted, but they were alive...for now. Their screams were perhaps worse than them dying instantly, as their cries of bloody mercy rent the air and drowned out Gobber's bellow of "Fight me!" Stoic added his own.

"No, ME!"

The dragon seemed finally to have had enough as another pike, courtesy of Gobber, flew near it's eyes, and it's tail smacked Stoic flying into the air as it grabbed Gobber and tossed it's head up like a cat with a dead mouse. Gobber let out a bellow and struck his hammer down as it's jaws came closing in and knocked on it's teeth something fierce. It bellowed and withdrew it's head, shaking and tossing Gobber away instead of swallowing him. As Stoic hit the ground painfully he saw Gobber fly like an eagle and smack into the mountain side with a sickening sound. He winced at his own pain, but he had landed on the gravel, and his armor had protected him mostly. Gobber however...the man groaned once as the air escaped him, but the dragon was in Stoic's way of checking up on him.

Bellowing like a bull, Stoic picked up all pikes near him in one heave, and threw the mass of six pikes at the beast, who returned fire in a literal sense and lit the pikes aflame so they landed short, some almost near Stoic himself with the force they had been blown back. The dragon sent another gout of flame by Gobber, and unfortunately a few vikings happened to be there as well, trying to aid him.

Stoic's bellow was cut short by their reckoning, for they lost their ability to hear over the roar of flame that ate at their flesh. Stoic slipped on the gravel and fell to his knees. Not Gobber too...the man had survived losing an arm and a leg in his many battles, he was an expert in dragon fighting...but he had fallen. Stoic could barely see, some strange rain seemed to blur his vision as he struggled to get back to his feet. Loki could blind his eyes but not his heart!

The dragon however; had lost interest in him, it's tail swung out and knocked him flying again, this time he landed on a burning boat, smashing through it's sail and landing on something half in and half out of the water, sending it tumbling with him into the ocean deep.

The thing he had landed on was somewhat soft, and it grabbed him suddenly in an iron grip as he tried to disentangle himself from it. Chains that held it tautened over him as well as it wrapped it's limbs about him, and suddenly Stoic knew what held him so.

The green eyed, jet black devil. The dragon, NightFury. It's eyes bore into him as he looked back, and then struggled with it. He needed to get to air. He needed air. He needed air! He had not taken a breath to prepare himself for going underwater, his lungs were screaming for air! AIR! Yet still the cursed beast held tight, even as bubbles escaped from it's own mouth. It was not even trying to get to air itself.

It was putting all it's effort into making sure Stoic instead did not. It wanted to die, but it was going to take him with it! Never! This revelation made Stoic fight all the harder, but in the back of his mind, the part that was not yet begging for air or being waterlogged, or enraged at the injustice of being restrained so, was calm in it's knowledge that it was hopeless.

Stoic was hurt, and weighed down by his armor, in the hold of a beast and it's shackles, a burden that must be seven or eight times Stoic's own weight...and the way the beast held on to him, as if it's life depended on ending his...Stoic needed to breathe. Precious, glorious air...just one breath even if it was filled with the stench of vikings that had never bathed in their lives...just a breath, and he'd fight for the next. His struggles became more desperate, but he could swear he could see light, and a table...with a welcoming figure..

Before Stoic fell into unconsciousness and opened his mouth unconsciously to suck in air, only to meet a pair of lungs full to the brim with water...he swore he heard a rich, deep voice of baritone that told him.

"This is your Atonement. You have killed what was mine, so I take with my life what is yours."

As the dragon continued to rampage about it's island, slaughtering all vikings in it's path, Stoic knew no more, and the people of Berk, those who were left to fight for themselves and those who managed to return, called this day The Fall...they knew it would be back, and now with all their warriors gone...they would not survive.

**+~-E-~+**

I've been slipping back up to my regular length again haven't I? Even though I promised myself I'd keep it short. Anyway, I think my estimate of starting the movie at chapter three to five was a good one, next chapter, chapter three, will most likely tie up any lost ends that brings everyone together, and if not, four definitely will, meaning the movie can start at either chapter four or five. I'm glad you guys enjoy this so far.

Guest reviewer, I'm happy that you may have found a watching the movie story you will finish.

_Another note before I let you go. It's rather obvious by now, but the title for this story is a hint as to how this story will play out

on it's own storyline. It's true I will have a watching the movie, but as you can see from my ground work, I have my own storyline spinning a tale around here too. The title is a clue to it._

I shall see you next time ~Finalage

4. Fathers

Angryhenry, your review had too many pleases in it, it cut out whatever idea you had at the bottom. (I'm going on the hopeful assumption that there was one.) I thank you for the effort, but seems Fanfiction had other plans. Perhaps my ideas are not far from yours, but we'll see.

I'm sorry for the delay even though this is not late. Every time I planned to sit down and finish this chapter, I lost the mood to do so, however! I have pushed past that block. So here we go!

DreamWorks Animation produced the How to Train Your Dragon movie, it was distributed by Paramount Pictures, and the original story this movie was based on was written by Cressida Cowell.

Dean DeBlois, Chris Sanders & Will Davies were in charge of screenplay for How To Train Your Dragon. DeBlois and Sanders together wrote and drafted the movie script.

Check the bottom for something else I do not own.

**Warning, this chapter contains:**

Questionable Norse god interpretations.

__~Finalage.__

**Bonds Under Ocean Waves**

**Chapter 3:** **Fathers**

"My son; come. We have much to discuss. Now arise!"

Stoic opened his eyes. He was immediately assaulted by stabbing rays of light, and he breathed in fresh, clean air saturated with the clean perfume of flowers and rain. He rose from his place on the ground, looking all the signs of having nodded off by the tree which he had found himself leaned upon. Yet, he knew this was not so. He knew much now, in this realm of Asgard, his memories had been brought back to him in full, fresh detail. He dispassionately watched his men, spread out about the landscape in his sight, all of them sleeping, but all of them dying horrible deaths in his mind's eye. His eyes sought out the man who had spoken to him, but he already knew what he would see.

Why then, did the great man in front of him surprise him so then? Not a man, no, he had mistakenly thought to call him a man. A god. He fell back down to the earth under him, kneeling with haste, but the other was somber. He looked down upon Stoic.

"Stand my son. Stand. You died fighting till the last moment.

Valiant, you do me honor."

Stoic looked up but did not leave his kneeling position, he felt the tone of the god's voice, and knew there was a proverbial "but" coming. He did not waver in his gaze with the god, who had locked his eyes, well, eye, on him.

"Yet my son, there is a difference...there is a difference between a good fight and an honest slaughter. I trust you know which one your fight was. You have swollen my hall this day."

Stoic lowered his head, for he knew it was true. The god waved him back up impatiently.

"Rise boy, did you not hear me the first time? We have much to discuss! Up!"

Stoic did as he was bade and rose to face Odin. The god looked down at him and knocked his spear butt against the earth. The landscape warped and changed, and before Stoic now was a hall. Not one of eating, but one of walking. Odin set a measured pace, and Stoic walked with him, feasting his eyes upon valiant warriors of old, immortalized not in Asgardian flesh but in pictures of undying loyalty. They walked along for a pace, silence stretching before Odin paused near a great frame, a rendition of a man poised with a shield of brushed iron in one hand and a sword of a curious, light design in the other.

His shield was painted with a red dragon, and he was astride a steed whom stoic could not see, but the speed upon which the man was traveling was apparent from the windswept hair and flapping reigns. Whatever beast he rode was large, for the man could stand in his saddle as he rode, and his odd blade was aloft in the air with a clear declaration of war etched on his visage.

His shoulders and chest where thin, weedy, as were his legs, but the man seemed like he would stand at least even with Stoic himself. His figure was thin, like a tree without it's leaves, but his eyes burned with determination and cunning. He was missing a leg, this much was apparent from the metallic replacement he wore, a curious item of gears and pulleys that allowed it a resemblance to a true foot, which was jammed into a stirrup of his steed. The frame was rather ornate on this picture, which radiated it's importance, but Stoic had never heard of a story for a hero so weedy.

"My son, do you know this man?"

Stoic shook his head.

"Allfather, I do not."

Odin gave him a measured glance, and then scoffed and turned back to the picture.

"Of course you do not. You killed the one who would become this man. This picture is of your son. The man he would be, had you not felled him."

Stoic looked again at the picture. No. It could not be...but it was. Now armed with this information, he knew no other viking who would,

or even could, smith such a contraption as was the missing foot. Hiccup had always been interested with smithing and making contraptions that caused mayhem...and the face. Older yes, more defined, a man standing there powerful and proud, but with the traces in him of the face he knew. The freckled tiny boy he had once called his own. Son. Now that he thought of it, he even recognized the saddle, which made the invisible steed...

"The dragon. Aye. Toothless is a grand warrior in his own right, or he would have been."

The god turned and began to walk again, and Stoic, though he tried to follow, found he could not. Odin had vanished. His voice reverberated around the walls.

"You have sent many valiant warriors to my hall needlessly, Stoic. They should have come to me older and wiser, in a different war. Now Niflheim shall have in her possession what would have been one of the greatest of my men, your very own son. Your foolishness and blind anger will send yet many more into her clutches, great warriors who will fall before they can prove themselves. You have traded the lives of a hundred men for the thousands that will fall later. You...shall have to see the damage you have done. But first...we feast, and guests have arrived!"

A sound of weapon to floor reverberated, and Stoic found himself in a great hall of eating. His men were about him, but before anyone could even begin to fight, or lay claim to a succulent leg of yak or sheep; the doors banged open and in came...

A set of vicious, cat like liquid green eyes, near luminous and lined with gold...inset on a jet black hide. The night fury had arrived...and it's eyes locked on Stoic's with a deep seated growl. A hand massaged it's neck, and the beast was placated. The hand was small, and thin...Stoic's eyes wavered upwards to clap themselves definitively upon his son, and he was at first overjoyed...until he remembered...why they were here in the first place...his eyes traced the slash across his throat, accentuated by a thin chain necklace that held a single black feather.

So, his son had proven worthy of Vallahalla even before committing any deeds of valor that he knew of? Or was taming that beast he sat astride credit enough? Oh if only he knew...

If only he knew.

**+~1~+**

Earlier in Hel...

"I have no time for games Nilfheim! Release the Haddock!"

Hiccup chose that moment to walk into the hall, like a benediction from a bad movie where the captain calls for the beast to be unleashed, and they instead burst through the door by themselves, impatient for blood and piked heads.

In front of a languidly sitting woman was a powerful man with a robust build and a winged helm. A cape tossed about his arms and back was flowing in the wind from an idle swinging of the hammer at his

side.

"Relax great thunderer. He'll be here in time."

Though the swinging itself was idle, the threat it's owner was posing was far from so. The man whipped about and Hiccup found himself face to face with the almighty Thor. This was a god...and he was looking at Hiccup, appropriately, like a bug. He rounded on Niflheim again.

"I did NOT stand here for you to send for a wench and one of your weedy play men! Where is the Haddock!"

The woman smiled knowingly and picked up her glass of liquid, swilling it about with more interest than she had for the loud god in front of her, even as his hands reached for his hammer. Her eyes sparkled with malice.

"Do you wish to start a war like you performed with the frost giants? Marvelous work there, you gave me a good laugh. You have always amused me Thor. Yet, I do not jest. The Haddock is here."

The other narrowed his eyes, while off to the side Hiccup was still recovering from the implication Thor had placed on him. He thought that...he thought that he...did with Niflheim...what? His mind wasn't working right at this moment, so Camicazi's attempt to get his attention was lost. She sighed and then lightly put her foot on his and shifted her weight just slightly...when he did not react she shifted some more of it. Some more made him snap out of it and wince.

"What?"

She simply pointed.

"Look."

Hiccup looked. Off to the side of Niflheim and out of range from seeing him, was Toothless. He sat with his paws folded in front of him, looking careworn. Hiccup felt a tug in his chest, for he had never seen his friend look so lost and heartbroken in those eyes of his. He left Camicazi and tried to get to Toothless, but Thor was unconsciously in his way...and...well...his hand was dangerously close to his hammer. He wanted to smite someone and Hiccup did not want to present a likely target...but the only way to Toothless was through Thor.

He was just about to resign himself and hope Thor would do him the honor to sock him good with the hammer in the direction of Toothless, so that he would save travel time at the very least, when he spotted Niflheim's dancing eyes. She wasn't watching Thor, she was watching him.

Oh he knew it. He had always known he was nothing more than an amusement for the gods. Here was the conclusive proof. Niflheim was enjoying watching him screw up his courage. She spoke to Thor however.

"Thunderer, tell me, are you blind, or are you truly as stupid as you appear?"

Firing up instantly, the god pulled his hammer from his belt and swung it menacingly in an ever speeding circle, it's momentum only held in close centrifugal force by it's strap.

"The boy behind you was called by me, and he is trying to get here, however, you are firmly planted in his way, and by the way you hold your hammer, I hardly blame him for his hesitance. Will you not let him pass?"

His eyes narrowed. He did not cease swinging his hammer.

"Your man servant can continue to wait and your appetite can endure until I leave with the Haddock. Where is the Haddock!"

Nifflheim quite frankly rolled her eyes. Well and truly. All brawn, no brains. She sighed and pointed.

"There is your Haddock. The one you called my plaything and servant is the one you seek. I must speak with him however, before you whisk him away. You know the rules. Now stand aside so the boy can pass, if you would?"

Thor looked back and then forwards.

"You jest!"

"I do not."

"The Haddock was to be a mighty warrior of great repute!"

"Cut down before his prime, possible futures be damned. The boy is just that, a boy. What he would accomplish then has no affect on his appearance now."

"He was to have a dragon-"

"Ahh, and what is this besides me? A leg of mutton?"

She indicted Toothless with a wave of her hand.

She pointed to the hall door.

"Your laws. Allow me my audience with the boy."

His teeth grit, Thor was forced to turn heel and walk away. His elbow hit Hiccup in passing, pushing him back a few good feet, he was lucky he had not flown. Hiccup approached warily. This was Nifflheim, this haughty, seductive woman with a cunning mind and a sharp tongue. Her eyes were once again alive with malice and Hiccup felt a thrill of dread. Toothless looked up at the silence and spotted Hiccup instantly. He saved Hiccup the trouble of having to walk the rest of the way. Instead, he sent Hiccup almost back to square one with a tackle.

The surprise Hiccup felt however, was not from the tackle, but the deep baritone that vibrated within his very fiber of being afterward'; a joyful crow that proclaimed.

Brother! I thought I had lost you!

Brother..?

Wait was Toothless _talking_? That was Toothless _talking_? Utterly nonplussed, Hiccup looked up at Niflheim.

"Did you do...all this?"

He indicated the broad spectrum of Toothless's body.

_Hmph. You just indicated all of me. _

Hiccup gave the dragon a sheepish grin. He tried to at least sound offended.

"That's my line!"

The dragon however, was unimpressed, and huffed.

Not anymore.

Nifleheim observed the exchange without comment, but measured Hiccup before sighing. She settled for licking her lips.

"If I had time, I would play with you and say yes, but no. You are dead, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock."

The third.

He had to, he just had to add that bit in his head as she continued.

"The dead are spirits. Souls. Souls can communicate with one another. Humans and simple beasts usually continue to communicate with the "equipment" they are used to once dying, as they retain a semblance of it here, their souls are more or less the same shape and form their bodies were. It has to do with identifying with one self, but I will not go into the details with you, they bore me, and frankly, that Thunderer outside the door will not hold his temper in check for it, and while he does amuse me, I will not appreciate him breaking down my doors. Simply know you can communicate with your dragon, and that he can make himself heard if he desires."

Hiccup nodded to this. He could not say much, he was still reeling. This was a gift that he had not even been counting on. It was worth more than he could even judge at this time...not only seeing Toothless again, but being able to speak with him...

and by god, the dragon had _sass_. This was going to be a beautiful friendship, he could tell. He brought himself back to the present and Niflheim's bored face.

"You are aware Hiccup, that I effectively own you? That no force save the destruction of your soul, can free you from this?"

He nodded dumbly. She looked unsatisfied with this response. She snapped her fingers for effect.

"Pay attention boy. This is important. Odin wants you. He knows he cannot have you. He wishes then, to assure I cannot have you either.

I already own you, thus he will attempt to destroy you. Whatever lesson he wants to teach his Asgardians, he plans to reel you in with lovely words and then destroy you if you accept his offer. Tell me boy, do you wish to be destroyed?"

Hiccup looked at Toothless. He looked back up at Niflheim. He knew what he was being asked to do. He had to go with Thor to see Odin, for..well...Odin's sake it was Odin! He was going to see Odin! Odin's beard...and Odin wanted him dead.

So he was supposed to listen and see whatever Odin had to show him, then oh so kindly spit in his face.

Lovely. He took another glance at Toothless, then a hesitant look at Camicazi. Niflheim followed his gaze and gave a lazy grin.

"If you so desire, the girl can go with you. However, girl, you are going to need to dress a bit more...boringly. Asgard is not Utgard. Boy, come here."

Hiccup hesitated, but wasted little time approaching the queen of Hel. She observed him with a practiced, lazy eye. He bowed his head and waited.

"You desire to live on?"

"Yes."

"Do you wish revenge upon your father?"

Hiccup looked up at her directly now.

"No."

"Interesting...but you will fight to protect your friend from him I trust."

"Yes."

Her lazy grin widened.

"No hesitation! Very good. Very well Hiccup..."

Her hand snaked out and captured a platter from the table near her. On it sat a single, pitch black feather on a chain necklace. It was an odd trinket, and Hiccup stared at it.

"Once upon a time a weedy boy like yourself wished vengeance upon the Valkyrie, the one who tore his father from him, driving his mother insane and his sister to die of hunger. He took the feather that was left behind in battle as a talisman to remind himself of what his enemy was, and in his first battle was cut down by a monster.

"The boy burned bright with hate and vengeance. He amused me,, so I took it upon myself to give him power to accomplish his task. He would pay the price of his contract and serve me by sending his feather souls to unlock their power, forfeit their life at the end of battle. He stained this feather black with soaked blood. He himself is in here now..."

"He went too far and consumed himself with rage, to the point of even destroying his own father... and now he sits in this feather of blood. His power is immense, but far, far too much for him to control. However, for another to control him...that is simple enough. He will recognize in you a kindred spirit. You wished once to protect your father just as he wished to avenge him, and you both realize you might have to fight that father. Take it. He will lend you power for protection if need be."

Hiccup stared at the feather with apprehension and Niflheim laughed as a loud boom echoed from behind the hall door. Thor was growing impatient...

"Boy, you need not fear yourself being drawn in. The contract was for him not you, and while he was consumed by the contract he made with me, you already belong to me. I have no need to bind you in any contracts, you are already my vassal and servant. I only seek to safeguard what is mine...take it."

Hiccup hesitated a few moments longer before his hand closed upon the necklace, and his hands shook as he put it on. He swore it dully glowed as it settled there...

"May I ask a question?"

Niflheim raised an eyebrow as another boom echoed in the hall.

"What...was his name?"

She gave him a rather mysterious smile.

"His name was Wyl."

__**+~-E-~+**__

__**I do not own Valkirie Profile Covenant of the Plume or any of its affiliates. The game was published by Square Enix and developed by Tri-Ace. This story will not turn into a cross-over, I am simply adding mystique by throwing in legendary lore.**__

__The story of the feather and the boy consumed by rage is essentially taken by the book from Square Enix's Valkyrie Profile: Covenant of the Plume, however, Wyl never was locked in his own feather, nor was he actually consumed by rage... Even in the worst ending, he simply kills the Valkyrie, realizes his mission was effectively a trick and gets sent to hell. Also, for the record, Wyl is the one who gains power in that game, not the feather, the feather simply becomes his weapon. I decided to use this idea since it can essentially be used as a legend of warning in this universe. It does use the Norse mythology in it after all.__

__I rushed the meeting with Niflheim because I really wanted to submit this chapter today. So here you are~.
>

__Once more this chapter is longer than I wanted to make them...can I really make chapters 1.5k to 2.5k long, or am I doomed to fail on that point? =S. - C F Winchester.__

5. Introductions

We get to the movie in this chapter. After some set up. Hi ho! Hi ho! To the movies we will go! ...No? ...No? Aww...

_Here is something else I notice. Some versions of How To Train Your Dragon are missing some script. It was simply not used. I notice that the writers always use it though, copy paste~. I however won't be using script I did not hear in the movie directly, I'll have characters making comments during them all in effect. (This means I'll be watching the movie again as I write this...over and over and over...All for you all. You're welcome. Lol.) _

_Also, most if not all seem to just somehow make the vikings see a technological marvel of a movie screen. I feel there are other ways to accomplish what you want. _

Last chapter's final pieces had a whole lot of typos that I am leaving there like a badge of shame because I knew they were there and was trying to fix them, but sadly fell asleep before I could get back on the computer. So, badge of shame they shall be!

...At least for a few days, I can't leave a disclaimer with a typo in it forever; that's just not right.

_You know, I have more or less given up on spelling Niflheim correctly. Almost. Spelled it wrong all chapter half on purpose, wondering if anyone was going to ask me about the band. No one did. =S. it's an interesting point that some adaptations of the Norse mythology, the like one I am using, switch around the names. In the original case, Niflheim is the name of the realm, _

and Hel, the person. Yet more recent stories claim Hel is the realm and Niflheim the person. I just use Niflheim because; honestly, I prefer that to be her name, Hel is so ingrained as a place in my mind, even if they call her Mistress Hel, I still see it as a title and not her name. Forgive me if this rankled the historian in you.

__DreamWorks Animation produced the How to Train Your Dragon movie, it was distributed by Paramount Pictures, and the original story this movie was based on was written by Cressida Cowell.__

Dean DeBlois, Chris Sanders & Will Davies were in charge of screenplay for How To Train Your Dragon. DeBlois and Sanders together wrote and drafted the movie script.

**This chapter contains:**

__Questionable Norse god interpretations.__

__The moon.__

__Pie.__

**Bonds Under Ocean Waves**

**Chapter 4:** *Introductions**

Hiccup sat upright on Toothless, as tall as he could make himself which was not very high on it's own to be honest, but Toothless made for quite a difference. The dragon looked to both sides slowly, menacingly as he could make himself without starting a fight. He didn't want to instigate and violence...

Just prevent any from coming our way. I am Night Fury, they will recognize their place.

Hiccup patted his side in a way that was meant to placate. He could not say out loud that he thought that comment was a little high and mighty, but he could try some other way. Toothless seemed to get the point and strode in with his wings held aloft to make himself bigger, Camicazi loosely held unto Hiccup as she rode alongside him.

She had managed to find a longer skirt of muddy brown leather and a throw on sort of cream colored robe that was tied about the chest and belt with leather. The belt was wide and held a sheath for two knives on it. An additional coat of some animal skin and calf boots completed her, she kept her hair wild and loose. Hiccup thought she looked rather better this way, she, after some observation, reluctantly agreed, but pointed out that she was not going to wear something like this in Hel...she'd sweat herself to dust.

Hiccup himself wore everything he had died in, plus his feather, and his eyes sought out his father's. He was surprised, that was the main emotion, and slightly angry, but also a little happy. Confused. That's the vibe his father gave off. Confused. Well that was nothing new, most vikings were perpetually confused...Hiccup motioned to Toothless to stop when Thor walked past them and addressed his father.

"Allfather Odin, you requested I travel to Hel and speak with the snake she devil Niflheim for the Haddock, and she claims this is he. I have held my hammer at bay long enough. Is this he, or should I strike this knave down and through him Niflheim?"

"It is he."

Thor relaxed some, but another, stood, half curious as they looked at Hiccup some, then they pointed to his neck. He seemed to struggle with himself some before he spoke baldly.

"I know that feather."

Odin zeroed in on it. He seemed to hold himself steady for a beat and then burst out laughing. Hiccup tensed under such a reaction, and under him, Toothless did the same.

In what manner is a bird cover funny?

"Why, it is Niflheim herself. So, she has bound the boy in a contract. Made him repeat a convent chant over it. She fears I aim to steal him from her! Ha! As if a boy who has died before his time, hardly ripe and tested at all is worth such an effort. If I wished I could destroy him here and now her trinket be damned."

He rose his spear, and Toothless tensed, and Hiccup heard in his growl a challenge that Hiccup hastily tried to pet him down from.

I'd like to see you try old man.

Hiccup held his tongue, but he felt like berating Toothless. He had just insulted ODIN for...Odin's sake! He hoped fervently the god was not paying attention, or could not hear him, or something. Thankfully, whatever was the cause, Odin made no comment as to Toothless's. Instead he lowered his spear and spoke plainly-

Another bang interrupted all talk, and in walked people Hiccup did not ever expect to see. The rest of the village, besides the warriors, were here, alongside Freyja. Hiccup stared as she stormed past him and looked to Odin.

"The Dragon has destroyed their village. It has taken a liking to the ruins. It nests in the ashes of their home. Here are the rest."

Odin observed the rest of Hiccup's village with a dispassionate stare. So. It was done. Stoic, for once in his life, swayed. The entire village was...gone? Just like that? A simple sentence and the rest of his village was here...all the children, the women, the old and...all of them? Odin seemed to ask the question he was unable to.

"How many are ours?"

"Not all."

It was answer enough. He narrowed his eyes and looked back to Hiccup. He ended the conversation with one sentence.

"However, I will not. She can have you if she desires you so...and whomever else she has claimed this day..but first we feast!"

His announcement made for scurrying as vikings filled the tables and fought amongst themselves for pie. Meat pie. Odin however, ignored most of it and called for Heimdall. Hiccup slid slowly from Toothless and stood up himself. Behind him, Camicazi slipped with slightly less grace off as well.

_Hmph. He was wrong on one point. Niflheim did not make you perform a covenant. _

"As far as we know bud. As far as we know, taking it could have made one."

The large one comes.

As Hiccup watched his father come up to him, he suddenly felt the knowledge that he did not want to talk to his dad this moment. Toothless felt it, and curled about him protectively. But before he could even start the confrontation, Heimdall approached. He spoke with him quietly before he rose his voice above the din, and Gobber stopped mid way in a leg of meat.

"My friends! I have called you all to this hall for more than to eat and drink, to be merry. I have something that I must show you all, take your seats...Heimdall. If you please. In front."

The gatekeeper walked forwards with reverence as all took seats and

settled into quiet. He formed not a portal, but what seemed to be a gateway into the past. It was flat and fluctuated at the edges with multiple colors.

The lights were already dim in the hall, and next to this portal of the past, ll seemed to darken to black.

A picture of the moon dominated all. A boy was revealed to be sitting on it as he cast a fishing line, and the runes of "DreamWorks" came to float below him.

Stoic looks at the image, aghast.

"That boy is in the moon!"

Gobber looked at him as if to roll his eyes, he went back to his meat, but not before a comment of his own. The teens took a seat near him, and he smacked Tuffnut away from his plate.

"Well I'll be, since when have you become Odin's herald for the obvious?"

The ocean is dark and wild as it crashes against a single, jutting island that the view turns to. Fire seems to glow like eyes in a few sea stacks that the view brushes past. Hiccup has seen this view so many times, not the least of which was from on top of Toothless.

****HICCUP (V.O.) ****This, is Berk. It's twelve days North of hopeless, and a few degrees South of freezing to death. It's located solidly on the meridian of misery.

Hiccup can't help himself. Upon hearing his own voice so quaintly describe Berk, he bursts out laughing amid the shocked stares of the other Berkians. It fits, oh it fits sooo well. Camicazi gives him a half smile as she settles to sit braced against Toothless's side. He growls softly, but accepts her weight without further comment when Hiccup decides to drop himself on his usual spot. Stoic just looks at him. Does he really feel that way about thier home?

****HICCUP (V.O.) (CONT'D) ****My village. In a word, sturdy. And it's been here for seven generations, but every single building is new.

Snotlout decided to be bold at this point and made a cocky comment to all about wondering why that was. Tuffnut was the only one who laughed. Well he was trying to make a pun on Hiccup, but looking over at said boy, calming leaning against the most feared dragon in the lands...kinda made the point nothing.

****HICCUP (V.O.) (CONT'D) ****We have fishing, hunting, and a charming view of the sunsets... The only problems are the pests.

"Pests? What pests?" Ruffnut looked obviously confused at this one. "We only have, well, you know..."

****HICCUP (V.O.) (CONT'D): ****You see, most places have mice or mosquitos. We have... Sheep graze peacefully on a hillside. Suddenly one is snatched.

"Yep! I knew that was coming!" Ruffnut pumped the air, proud of herself for guessing the point, but Tuffnut shut her down.

"No you didn't"

"Yes I did!"

"No!"

She threw the first punch and soon they were rolling about on the floor, the scene continued without them.

****CUT TO: INT. STOICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS ****A door is pulled open... as a DRAGON swoops directly toward it, **BLASTING FIRE**. The door is **SLAMMED**. The fire shoots through the slats of wood, illuminating HICCUP, a gangly teenage Viking.

****HICCUP ****...dragons

"Duh."

Tuffnut managed to make this comment only out of pure luck, for the next second he was throttled again by his sister.

****EXT. STOICK'S HOUSE ****He reopens the sizzling door, as leaps off of the front porch. He weaves through the erupting mayhem as Vikings pour out of the buildings, ready for a fight. More dragons swarm in, setting rooftops alight and hauling off sheep.

****HICCUP (V.O.) ****Most people would leave.

Snotlout picked up this one.

"Why should we? **THEY** should leave. We are too viking for **THAT** Hiccup, you leave if you want to."

****HICCUP (V.O.)(CONT.) ****Not us. We're Vikings.

"Damn straight!"

Camicazi rolled her eyes. She said the same thing toothless did, at the same time. Hiccup could not help but grin at it.

"Oh Brother."

>Oh Brother.

****HICCUP (V.O.)(CONT.) ****We have stubbornness issues.

I'd say that would be a more appropriate diagnosis...

_Vikings sound the alarm. Viking men and women pour out into the streets, axes in hand. **ON HICCUP** darting through alleys, staying under eaves, making his way through the battle. _

"Tell me why you couldn't dodge like that in the dragon ring?"

Hiccup choses to ignore that comment from Snotlout. He looks to Astrid, but she isn't paying attention to the view, she's looking at Camicazi. Ooooh boy.

_**HICCUP (V.O.) (CONT'D) **My name's Hiccup. Great name, I know. But it's not the worst. _

"_What IS the worst then?"_

Camicazi looked at him earnestly, waiting for an answer, Hiccup smiles with a look that plainly says she does not want to know. She takes the point.

"I like the name Hiccup."

Looking up, she finds that this comment came from Astrid. It makes her irrationally angry, but she beats it down to be pleasant.

"Really? Took you long enough to like it though. How long have you known him again?"

Hiccup winced at the implication.

"Camicazi it's alright-"

"No, it's not alright, and she should know that."

_**HICCUP (V.O.) (CONT'D) **Parents believe a hideous name will frighten off gnomes and trolls... Like our charming Viking demeanor wouldn't do that. Dragons sweep back and forth, dodging axes and blasting the Vikings who throw them. A burly warrior gets tossed in an explosion, knocking Hiccup to the ground. **VIKING (FIERCE)
**Argggghhhh! (cheery, insane) Mornin'! Hiccup gets to his feet and continues to rush past gigantic men and women. _

Gobber smiles at this scene, while the viking in question who did this looks up and appears sheepish.

"But that makes me seem like an insane axeman...I'm not an insane axeman...am I?"

No one answers him.

**+~-E-~+**

This chapter took me about...an hour and a half to type, all total. I promise too put more into the movie bit next chapter, but honestly, I am not in the best position to type a chapter right now. I write best when I am comfortable and well...I was not comfortable for this chapter. XD

_So! Tension between Astrid and Camicazi, it ignites! Wonder it it will explode? Only time will tell. The movie! The accursed movie! On a...portal? Well hey! Wonder if you can step through it? Perhaps you can... :) But that...is my secret. _

I left this chapter a bit blank on purpose.

_I'm forgetting something...oh well. Oh right. The people dying and getting sent up with everyone else. Rushed. Very very rushed. Did not mean it to end up like that, but like I said, I'm not in the best position to write here, I chose an odd place to plunk down and make a

chapter, and an odd time too. I promise this is not all you'll hear about it though. It's for a purpose. I plan to go back and embellish upon it, give some characters some alone time while I do it too. Tah tah for now~C F Winchester._

6. Prepare

I find I dislike when I have to get back to the movie to be honest. It makes everything so cut and dry.

_I'll be a bit slow updating this chapter, my fingers are cut up because I was wise enough to slip while handling a switchblade while I was trying to cut some cable ties. I was fixing wiring in my yard. That and a sealant bottle decided it would be wise to explode in my hands. You know how hard it is to get something like Polyurethane off your hands? _

I'm trying something a little different here to try and differentiate between story and asides. I hope it works. This chapter is almost entirely movie.

The bottom for review responses~

__DreamWorks Animation produced the How to Train Your Dragon movie, it was distributed by Paramount Pictures, and the original story this movie was based on was written by Cressida Cowell.__

Dean DeBlois, Chris Sanders & Will Davies were in charge of screenplay for How To Train Your Dragon. DeBlois and Sanders together wrote and drafted the movie script.

**This chapter contains:**

**Bonds Under Ocean Waves**

**Chapter 5:**** Prepare**

Hiccup went on auto pilot as he watched the portal...well, scene...unfold. It was uncanny, the way it spewed his thoughts out; he could easily imagine himself saying all of this to someone. He watched himself scurry around underneath arms and through back alleys, trying to avoid vikings as they charged about in disarray and barely ordered chaos all at once, all of them blaring at him with the ever so consistent order of "Get inside!" or some variant of it in according to the type of viking.

**~HICCUP (V.O.) **Meet the neighbors. Hoark the Haggard...

**~HOARK **"What are you doing out!?"

**~HICCUP **... Burnthair the Broad...

**~BURNTHAIR **"Get inside!"

**~HICCUP **... Phlegma the Fierce...

**~PHLEGMA THE FIERCE **"Get back inside!"

**~HICCUP **. Ack.

~He passes a silent ox of a viking, picking his ear...

Hiccup added an aside in his mind to that one.

>Yep, that was Ack alright. Just Ack, nothing else.

"Just Ack?"

He looked at Camicazi and opened his mouth, but the portal did it for him.

**~HICCUP (CONT'D) **Yep, just Ack.

He shrugged and pointed with a smile at the front. She rose her eyebrows at that one.

~Enter STOIC, the biggest Viking of all. He yanks Hiccup from the path of a strafing dragon and holds him aloft to the crowd.

Toothless, at this scene, growled threateningly, and any viking near him felt just a tad uncomfortable. Hiccup patted his nose reassuringly, but it did nothing to placate him. Instead, it only seemed to anger him more.

No, do not tell me it is alright. It begins.

**~STOIC **Hiccup!? (accusingly; to the crowd) "What is he doing out again?! **(TO HICCUP) **What are you doing out?! Get inside!"

~The flames light up his scowling face and matted red beard. He sets Hiccup down and turns to the sky, searching.

**~HICCUP (V.O.) (IN AWE) **That's Stoic the Vast. Chief of the tribe. They say that when he was a baby he popped a dragon's head clean off of its shoulders. Do I believe it?

~Stoic grabs a wooden cart and hurls it, knocking the strafing dragon out of the sky.

**~HICCUP (V.O.) (CONT'D) **Yes I do.

Hmph. He is hardly that impressive. A lump of a thing sitting too long on a log with red fur about him in great smelly masses, like mold on a damp fallen tree. Disgusting.

"Hey, that _is_ my father you're talking about after all."

He killed you.

"Doesn't change that fact."

Your heart is too forgiving.

"Isn't that how I got to meet you?"

Toothless huffs, but does not comment on this score. Technically he could sass at Hiccup that it was his bola that met him first, but he knew Hiccup's guilt on that score, and that he had little to no choice in the matter, they both had been living in different worlds.

Had the meeting been any different, he would have killed the boy. He knew this as he still knew how to breathe...regardless if the action did nothing for him anymore.

~An EXPLOSION forces Vikings to DUCK. Stoic stands firm, brushing flaming debris off of his shoulder.

**~STOIC ** (barking; to his men) "What have we got?"

**~VIKING #1 ** "Gronkles. Nadders. Zipplebacks. Oh, and Hoark saw a Monstrous Nightmare."

~STOIC "Any Night Furies?"

Why? Worried about me?

Hiccup could almost feel the teasing smile behind that comment, and the drawling tone was unmistakable. Despite himself, he grinned.

~VIKING #1 "None so far."

~STOIC (RELIEVED) "Good."

~VIKING "Hoist the torches!"

~Massive flaming braziers are raised on poles, lighting up the night sky... and revealing swirling dragons of all types. Below, Hiccup crosses an open plaza and ducks into an open building with a tall chimney.

Gobber, at this scene, smiled and looked up.

"Oh, is it my turn for some show time?"

**~INT. BLACKSMITH STALL - CONTINUOUS ** He crosses behind a counter, where a peg-legged, one-armed hulk of a Blacksmith reshapes blades with a hammer and tongs appendage.

**~GOBBER ** "Ah! Nice of you to join the party. I thought you'd been carried off. "

~Hiccup dons a leather apron and starts to put away Gobber's scattered appendages.

"Really Gobber, you can't let yourself go to pieces like that over just little old me."

Gobber looked up at that comment from Hiccup as Camicazi behind him grinned. Tuffnut looked up from his recent fight with his sibling and managed to look confused. At first he was grinning but...

"Ha! So...wait, I don't get it."

"Idiot."

Another tackle from Ruffnut silenced that thought. Well, if you call roughhousing and yelling silent that is...Hiccup looked back to the portal in time to see himself finally speak words he dully remembered saying.

~HICCUP *Who me? Nah, come on! I'm way too muscular for their taste. They wouldn't know what to do with all this."

~Hiccup strikes a bodybuilder pose.

Camicazi chose that time to hide behind her hands to snigger in silence. Even Toothless huffed as Snotlout burst out laughing. Hiccup frowned. Okay, okay, so he was pushing it there.

~**GOBBER **"Well, they need toothpicks, don't they?"

"Got you there boy!"

The yell from Gobber was caught amidst laughter from a few others. Hiccup managed a weak smile as he sat against Toothless. Oh well. He was grown enough to take it when he was caught.

~Hiccup gets to work, transferring bent and chipped weapons to the forge as Vikings crowd the counter for replacements.

**~HICCUP (V.O.) **The meat-head with attitude and interchangeable hands is Gobber. I've been his apprentice ever since I was little. Well...littler.

"Meat-head?"

**~EXT. VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS ON STOICK **

**~STOIC **"We move to the lower defenses. We'll counter-attack with the catapults."

~Armed men rush past, flanking others who carry sheep to safety. Stoic follows up the rear as, overhead, a dragon strafes the rooftops with Napalm-like fire.

**~HICCUP (V.O.) **See? Old village. Lots and lots of new houses.

~VIKING "FIRE!"

In response, the fire brigade charges through the plaza - four TEENS, tugging a large wooden cask on wheels. From it, they fill buckets of water to douse the flames. One among them is a cute, energetic Viking girl. Hiccup leans out of the stall to watch her.

Camicazi frowns, but says nothing at the appearance of Astrid. She watches Hiccup, who looks on, impassive. He spares the actual Astrid a token glance, then quite suddenly, his eyes widen and he turns away, beet red, as if he remembered something.

"Hiccup, what's-"

"No, damnit...the whole village will see."

"See what?"

In answer the portal-movie continues.

**~HICCUP (V.O.) **Oh and that's Fishlegs, Snotlout. The twins

Ruffnut and Tuffnut. And... **(DREAMY) **Astrid.

~A SLOW-MOTION explosion erupts behind her, framing her in a sexy ball of fire. The others join her, looking awesome and heroic.

Snotlout strikes a pose at this, getting up and flexing before he is pulled back down by Astrid with the hook of her axe.

"You're in my way, I can't see."

He smirks and points to the portal.

"You keep telling yourself that babe, I know you just want to see me at the other angle, see? There I am. Don't deny that you like watching the snot-man!"

"Snot is right."

Having finally beat down her brother, Ruffnut, sitting on top of Tuffnut, laughed at this one and slapped the deliverer a high-five, one Astrid. Astrid took it rather distractedly, however, she was busy looking from herself on the screen to what she could see of Hiccup by his dragon. How long had he..."

**~HICCUP **"Oh...Their job is so much cooler. "

~Hiccup tries to join them as they pass, but he's hooked by Gobber and hoisted back inside.

**~HICCUP (CONT'D) (PLEADING) **"Ah, come on. Let me out, please. I need to make my mark. "

"Thanks Gobber."

~GOBBER "Oh, you've made plenty of marks. All in the wrong places."

Gobber looked over to where Hiccup had reunited the portal with his eyes.

"Well you have!"

~ **HICCUP** "Please, two minutes. I'll kill a dragon. My life will get infinitely better. I might even get a date."

Gobber barely heard Hiccup's soft answer over his own voice in answer on the screen, but he was sure he heard him say something to the effect of;

"I wasn't being sarcastic."

It was lost though, on Snotlout's exclamation of:

"Useless? Get a DATE? Kill a DRAGON? Ha!"

**~GOBBER **"You can't lift a hammer."

"True."

Yet he can smith with one.

**~GOBBER **"You can't swing an axe... "

Yet he can cut with one.

"True."

Gobber grabs a bola (iron balls connected by rope).

**~GOBBER (CONT'D) **"You can't even throw one of these!"

"True!"

He can make a machine to throw one farther than you can.

Snotlout received no backlash for this one, but then again; no one was really paying attention to him. Hiccup scratched Toothless's neck in gratitude at least, and the dragon leaned in to the dancing fingers.

~A Viking runs by and nabs it out of Gobber's hand, hurling it at a dive-bombing Gronkle. The bola binds its legs, sending it into a heavy crash.

**~HICCUP **(ready with the answer) "Okay fine, but..." He rushes to the back corner of the stall and presents a bizarre, wheel barrow-like contraption.

**~HICCUP (CONT'D) **"... this will throw it for me!"

~Hiccup OPENS the hinged lid of the device. An arm springs up, equipped with twin bows. They prematurely launch a bola, narrowly missing Gobber... and taking out a Viking at the counter.

...Am I to presume that is the devilish thing that took me down? It seems...unfinished.

"There are two arms bud, a miniature, short distance and a long distance. That's the short distance."

**~VIKING **"Arggh!"

"Oh, so that's what that was."

~ **GOBBER **"See, now this right here is what I'm talking about!"

**~HICCUP **"M-Mild calibration issue."

"That mild whosawhatsit almost took out my eye!"

**~GOBBER **"Hiccup. If you ever want to get out there to fight dragons, you need to stop all... "

~Gobber gestures in Hiccup's general direction.

He just indicated all of you.

"That's what I said."

~GOBBER (CONT'D) "... this."

~HICCUP (ASTONISHED) *But... you just gestured to all of me."

"See?"

~GOBBER *"Yes! That's it! Stop being all of you."

"Thanks a lot Gobber!"

Instead of being sheepish or sorry, Gobber yelled back at him.

"You're welcome!"

~**HICCUP (THREATENING) ***"Ohhhh..."

~GOBBER (MIMICKING) *"Ohhhhh, yes."

~HICCUP *"You, sir, are playing a dangerous game. Keeping this much, raw...Vikingsness contained." **(BEAT) ***"There will be consequences!"

"Still waiting for those consequences Hiccup."

"Isn't being dead enough of one?"

I think I qualify as being a "consequence" as well.

Gobber actually spared him a glance. He had meant the first comment as a joke, but at that response, he looked at him, sitting against Toothless. He sobered, but did not answer, only looked back at the screen.

~Gobber tosses him a sword.

~GOBBER *"I'll take my chances. Sword. Sharpen. Now. "

~Hiccup takes it begrudgingly and lobs it onto the grinding wheel. He stews... fantasizing...

HICCUP (V.O.) *One day I'll get out there. Because killing a dragon is everything around here.

Everything?

"Why do you think the only time I ever let you go in the village was at the dead of night, and only once? Didn't you see how they acted when you came to save me? Or what they were trying to make me do with that nightmare?"

Minor details.

**~EXT. VILLAGE - LOWER PLAINS - CONTINUOUS **Nadders land, gathering like seagulls around a seemingly vacant house.

~HICCUP (V.O.) *A Nadder head is sure to get me at least

noticed.

The Nadders clamber onto the building, tearing the roof and walls apart. Sheep pour out and SCATTER. Elsewhere, hippo-like Gronckles pick drying racks clean of fish and fly off like loaded pelicans.

**~HICCUP (V.O.) (CONT'D) **Gronckles are tough. Taking down one of those would definitely get me a girlfriend.

"Please. I don't think even ten of those, if he could even do it, could get him a girl."

Snotlout managed three seconds of a smile before he was punched in the face by Astrid, but she said nothing to his comment. Camicazi smiled wickedly.

"No defense except that? Or is that all you know?"

"I can't say anything against it. It's..."

"What? True? Not for me."

"...Well then, where were you this whole time, and why do you..."

~A stealthy, snake-like dragon head peeks over a rooftop, breathing gas into a chimney.

~**HICCUP (V.O.) (CONT'D)** "A Zippelback? Exotic, exciting. Two heads, twice the status."

~A second head pokes through the door and lights it. KABLAM! The two heads fly through the explosion, their necks zipping together to reveal a single body. It flies past Stoic as he climbs to the top of a CATAPULT TOWER.

**~CATAPULT OPERATOR **"They found the sheep!"

Astrid completed the sentence in her head, even though she half felt the other girl knew what she had cut herself short in asking.

...look so familiar...?

**~STOIC (FRUSTRATED) **"Concentrate fire over the lower bank!"

**~CATAPULT OPERATOR **"Fire!"

~Boulders are catapulted at the corralling Nadders... Just as a huge red dragon whips past, spraying the base of the catapult with sticky fire.

**~HICCUP (V.O.) **...and then there's the Monstrous Nightmare. Only the best Vikings go after those. They have this nasty habit of setting themselves on fire.

Camicazi only answered her with one line, and it was only a half answer, spoken softly and meant to only be half heard.

"...Because I was dead..."

~It emerges from the flames, climbing the catapult with a leering, toothy grin.

**~STOIC **"Reload! I'll take care of this."

Hiccup put a hand on her shoulder in comfort. If Atrid had not heard, he certainly had ad the tone of her voice brooked the need for comfort, something rather refreshing for him, even as he felt guilty for it being so. He was able to give comfort.

He had never been able to do that before...

~Stoic takes on the Nightmare, face to hammer. Suddenly, a LOUD BALLISTIC MOANING streaks overhead. The catapult crew ducks.

Ahh.

**~INT. BLACKSMITH STALL - CONTINUOUS **ON HICCUP, looking up from his work, reacting to the same sound.

"Your turn bud."

**~HICCUP (V.O.) **But the ultimate prize is the dragon no one has ever seen. We call it the-

**~VIKING **"Night Fury! Get down!"

Hmph. Indeed. Shall I?

~Vikings everywhere take shelter. The moaning sound BUILDS.

**~EXT. VILLAGE - CATAPULT - CONTINUOUS **The Monstrous Nightmare suddenly stops fighting and takes flight. Stoick looks skyward.

~STOIC "JUMP!"

KABOOM! The Catapult EXPLODES as though hit by an artillery shell... sending Stoic and the crew leaping for their lives.

At the same time, Toothless charges a blast and fires it up to the distant ceiling. The explosive sound as he releases it so close to vikings makes them almost scatter. They stare at the dragon before some of the slower vikings finally put two and two together and realize that this black, smooth dragon with bulbous green eyes and a demonic smile of pearly whites is in itself the Night Fury.

"Night Fury!"

Duh.

**HICCUP (V.O.) **This thing never steals food, never shows itself, and...

Some of the dumber vikings start towards Toothless, and Hiccup's hands uncertainly hover near his feather, his own known weapon. It answers with a dull pulse he feels radiate in his hands. Toothless

growls and begins another charge, but the screen booms out the next line, making most pause.

~The sound recedes, leaving the crippled catapult in flames.

**~HICCUP (V.O.) (CONT'D) **"...never misses."

"Sit down please my children. Sit."

Never misses...well they were a bit more hesitant now...some uncertainly sat down, and the rest followed at the direction of Odin.

**~(BEAT) **

**~HICCUP (V.O.) (CONT'D) **No one has ever killed a Night Fury. That's why I'm going to be the first.

"I'm sorry bud."

If our situations were reversed I would have done the same, and said the same. There is nothing to apologize for...

The portal mists over, and it's holder, one Heimdall, lets his weapon fall. Odin picks up the lost thread of conversation.

"A rest then! Heimdall cannot show you it all at once, and to learn a lesson one must let it stew and practice it, seeing it all at once would help nothing! Sit! Eat! Enjoy yourselves."

As the talk begins to scale up and a viking reaches for a cup of ale, Stoic rises and heads definitely in the direction of his son. Hiccup braces himself.

So does the rest of his "crew"

**+~E~+**

So. At first I wanted to re-write all the scene changes of the script, and you see in the first chapter with the movie if you read the original script, I did do some of them there. However, despite some of it being a little scarce; (And as a script it should be...) I decided to keep it more or less un-edited afterward. It's simply too time consuming to re-write every scene to fit my fancy of flowery words. Besides I have other things to worry about.

Like how the script neglects to put quotation marks for when a character speaks, or colons. I left out the colons for my sanity's sake. Also, guys I know Stoic is spelled Stoick. I just prefer Stoic.

Hello Mira-san, I appreciate your reviews. I wonder if what I am planning is identical to what you think, or if I'll surprise you. We'll just have to see~.

_Johnnylee619, Yes, you caught me in a different interpretation of English. I poorly worded that sentence, but I am not lying. I am going over the movie multiple times as I write these chapters. My computer has the script and my chapter open at once, as they are two

different items, and the movie playing in the background._

Guest reviews! Always fun to get them, even if I can't answer the person by name. I'm glad you like it.

ChibiFelicia, I'll have you know I can be very mean myself. XD I did toy with the idea of showing them the second movie as well, but you'll have to wait and see if that idea made it through or not. I did hope writing it with my own agenda storyline in the background would help me keep it alive. Let's see if it holds.

_Guys, you stole the spotlight from my other active story, it was second in line favorites wise with nine. But I wonder if you can break the first place story on my roster? It's not a challenge, just a curiosity. My first place one holds far more than nine. XD In fact it holds...7.2 times more than this one does at 10. _

Also, cap lock abuse...now.

DANG IT NO MATTER WHAT I DO IT SEEMS TO TAKE AWAY ANY FORMATTING I PUT TO DIFFERENTIATE TOOTHLESS'S TALK FROM EVERYONE'S THOUGHTS...

I'll find a way~

~C F Winchester.

7. Defense

I have a poll up for rating me if anyone wants to vote.

Bottom for review responses.

Soap box time to respond to flames, ignore it if it does not concern you unless interested. Scroll down to "Soap Box End" to skip.

****_Soap Box Start_****

I'm un-used to reader love. It's a simple fact. I have been here a long time and have archived on this site a total of over 800k words, but I have always been...different. Yes, I went there, quoting Stoic. I've done things differently. I've written for the unpopular side of things.

_In Negima, an anime about a genius child mage teaching English to middle school girls. (To be extremely blunt.) the section was full of instant gratitude romance of where the child mage just pops a aging pill, picks and girl and essentially gets busy, or where all of his genius is stripped away so he's an essential kiddie play stick that gets into messes the fawning girls will get him out of... what did I do? I created the first acidic form of him where instead of him being all happy and optimistic about his past, he let it instead drive him to improve. I made him even younger than normal but older in spirit.

_

_I did it differently. _

_I have written, am still currently writing, a story for a game that

has no section on fan-fiction for it. I was the first to make one and the only one still going. The others made essentially one shots of fluff nature. (I'm carpet blanketing it to save words, can't stay on this box too long. XD) This happy go lucky game was given a dark edge in tragedy for my story. _

I did it differently once more in other words.

In Frozen, I have stated a story that takes a serious approach to Anna's talking to pictures. No one else did that. They have fluffs. One gets semi-serious about it, but I plan on going full out. Again, difference. I've been very willing to seek and rip off masks, crack open lids off the coffins in the closets. I say it a lot, but I am a dark author, not in the usual emo stab stab happy sense, but hyper-realistically tragic. I usually hold it back. Don't want to scare anyone after all~.

I've had my fair share of flames for doing things differently~.

Here you've seen I've been willing to kill hiccup off and send him to Hel, because logically; he belongs there in this scenario. He has done absolutely nothing the gods seem to care about to prove himself...at the point he was killed.

_The differences won't stop. I've been here (Officially speaking) almost eight years. Unofficially; longer. _

The question here is not what I'm willing to do. The question is, are you willing to read it? I never said I was going to coddle anyone. I usually let in just enough light to give hope. Those flames I have received about going to far, guys.

I can do FAR worse. I am, and have always been...

_Different. _

**Soap Box End. SOAP BOX END.**

__DreamWorks Animation produced the How to Train Your Dragon movie, it was distributed by Paramount Pictures, and the original story this movie was based on was written by Cressida Cowell.__

Dean DeBlois, Chris Sanders & Will Davies were in charge of screenplay for How To Train Your Dragon. DeBlois and Sanders together wrote and drafted the movie script.

**This chapter contains:**

Lots and lots of character death. (Memory Recalls.)

Immortal Souls. (Duh, haven't we been dealing with those all the time? Isn't everyone here one?)

>More made up Lore.<p>

Headless shenanigans.

>Very little, if any, movie development.
Mentions of Rotten Cheese.

**Bonds Under Ocean Waves**

**Chapter ****6: Defense.**

If he comes any closer without removing that hostile look in his eyes I will remove it for him...by removing his eyes...painfully.

Hiccup sighed as he saw Toothless's claws flex to prove his point, and he got up from the dragon's side to stand at his full height, at least he tried to, but he had to grab his head first. It was kind of an inconvenience if you were preparing to have a family argument for your head to be rolling around on the floor, though admittedly...

That was, essentially, how their _last_ family argument had gone. His face showed his discomfort, and Camicazi, the nearest, was able to see it plainly on his face. She rose an eyebrow at him in a question.

"Is he really that scary?"

"Oh, nothing, it's nothing...just remembering the last family argument we had. I wasn't able to keep my head then either."

Dark humor aside, Stoic was approaching, and Hiccup's hands hovered by his neck, where the feather was and his...injury. Hel claimed it would help him, but was he really going to trust the words of the queen of the darkest realm?

Yes.

He had no other choice after all. He was hers to command. He undid the necklace and held the feather loosely in his hands. All he could do now was hope as his father slowed and finally stopped a few steps farther than the reach of Toothless's swinging tail. The dragon growled, but made no move to stretch for him. Yet.

"Easy bud."

One wrong move and HE will be headless.

Stoic watched the tail like a hawk and Hiccup cleared his throat, his hand clenched tight against the feather. He felt it wake and throb against his fingers, forcing them apart, but not enough to make him drop it, just enough to prevent him from crushing it.

"Uhh, Dad, I think you had better stand back. Toothless is not all that happy to see you."

Understatement.

Stoic stood with his arms crossed; he did not take Hiccup's advice about moving farther away. Hiccup frowned, but said nothing to the gesture. This was Stoic the Vast, he was kidding himself on asking the man to move. His feather throbbed again. He wished it would quit doing that. Having his fingers forcibly pried apart was not a comfortable experience. Stoic started things off badly.

"So. You made it. Odin told me Niflheim had claimed you. Obviously he meant to punish me as you are righ' here."

"He wasn't lying."

Stoic remained silent.

"I'm only visiting here."

Gruffly, Stoic looked him over before speaking again, and once more, it was a bad start.

"Ahh...well...you look...well."

His feather throbbed once more, and Hiccup felt his pity rise. Toothless however, had a different emotion.

Well. You look well with a severed head and blood soaked clothes of the kind you died in. Is this one ****trying**** to provoke me? If he is, tell him it's working, and to step a little closer.

"Tell him yourself bud. Please, I don't want to fight."

I can't tell him, he cannot hear me. His mind is closed to mine.

Camicazi did it for them. She stepped forwards and put a hand on Toothless's hide.

"Looks well? Tell me, does a man look well when he can do this?"

With only that much warning, she grabbed Hiccup's head and tossed it right at Stoic. The look on both Haddock's faces was rather priceless, but Stoic managed to catch the head, though he held it like a man would a bomb, or a poisonous spider. Hot potato. He threw it back like one would caber toss a log. Camicazi coolly caught him and put him back where he belonged.

"What's the matter Stoic, afraid of what you've done?"

Hiccup coughed before looking to Camicazi.

"Don't DO that!"

He erupted into more coughing as she looked at him with some pity. Stoic tried to look impassive, but failed. He figured the third time was the charm and decided to try one more time.

"Hiccup...I'm..."

If he says he's sorry, please tell him from me that is is far to late and too short of a payment for the debt.

Hiccup crossed his arms. So did Camicazi. Toothless crossed his forepaws and narrowed his eyes. Stoic was suddenly struck by the thought again that the dragon knew more than he had given it credit for, then he shook his head. Dumb beast was probably just mimicking. He pointed to Toothless.

"I'm not going to say I'm sorry for stopping you with that."

..._I can't tell if he's brave, stupid, or both._

"Stubborn is the word Toothless."

Ahh, yes. That too.

"Excuse me?"

Hiccup looked up at his father.

"I said that you are stubborn, like just about every viking ever born in the archipelago."

"It's a mindless beast!"

Toothless picked himself up off his folded paws and growled at that, but Hiccup paused him with a hand on his snout.

He goes too far!

"No, let me handle this, please."

Fine, but if he makes your head roll again I am picking it up with my mouth and keeping it in there until it gets nice and sticky. Then it will stay when the girl puts it back on.

Toothless stood at ease then, getting back into his former position, but not before his tail swung around and wrapped around his the feet of his friend. Hiccup looked at him with a bored look.

"Really? Gee, thanks a lot."

He looked back to his father.

"He's not mindless and he's not a beast."

Stoic narrowed his eyes, but said nothing to contradict his son, he simply let his hammer rock back and forth in his hand loosely, like a pendulum that was almost done swinging and about to settle. It was not a threat, simply the reaction of frustration. Hiccup watched it warily, and his feather throbbed again.

He wished it would stop that already. If it was gonna do something, then to do it. Don't just sit there and try and rip his fingers off. He looked his dad up and down.

"So. You found the dragon's nest I see."

Stoic's eye twitched at the insinuation, but he had to admit that he had started this goad match with his first two bad starts, and his third poor one, so his son was entitled to the jibe. Besides, the boy was right.

"Aye. We found it."

"Then why in Thor's name didn't you leave it alone?"

Stoic looked at him incredulous, and then opened his mouth and bellowed, his arms coming up high before swinging back down.

"Leave it alone? IT ATTACKED US!"

Hiccup looked at his dad with a face that plainly spoke enough volumes to occupy Stoic for the next forty years. In simple words, it would have said: "Really? You're going with that?"

"Really Dad? An ISLAND attacked you? You sailed yourselves there, you disturbed them somehow to rile them, and then you say they attacked you? Who really struck first Dad?"

Stoic again had nothing to say, but his hammer swung a bit further and a little harder. Hiccup's eyes followed it as his father let out another throb. Stoic made to turn away but then spun back around and his hammer tapped Hiccup on the chest.

"You listen here boy-"

At the exact moment the hammer touched his chest, several things happened at once.

One, Toothless's tail whipped from Hiccup's legs to the hammer and wrenched it from Stoic's grasp, two; Gobber and another viking with an amputation both lost control of the yak leg they were fighting over, making the said leg snap up and away from them and smack Stoic in the back, three; Tuffnut launched a sneak attack on Ruffnut, (No one particularly cared about this one.) Four; some flying sauce from said leg of Yak beamed Snotlout in the eye, making him yelp and jump up as if his behind were on fire, (No one cared about this much either.) and Five, Hiccup's feather exploded, and the boy for a moment, saw nothing but black. A voice he did not know spoke directly to his mind.

Should I kill him?

No! He's my father!

I once thought the same about my own father...I had to destroy him to avenge him, for he protected the very Valkyrie that had ripped him from life. I regret that now. I regret much of what I did in an effort to destroy the Valkyrie. Your father however, killed you. You still wish not to take revenge by eliminating his soul?

No! I mean Yes I don't! Ohh, your I mean I don't wish to kill him at all! I only want him to see!

He has no sight except to see power. To recognize authority. Your will is strong...but he does not recognize that kind of strength. Not yet. Not now. It is better to kill him.

No. I won't. I will not let you. Niflheim said you would yield to me. So don't kill him.

I regret much...I have lost my friends in my anger, in my hate, in y eagerness to spill blood. Perhaps in your will you still may yet save someone. Fine. You may have my blade. My power however, I will keep for myself until you prove you can handle it without being ruled by it. I could not do that. Can you?

Hiccup blinked. It was still black as all Hel, but at least he could

see why. Against his chest, blocking his sight with the length of it's blade as it rested right up against his nose, was a sword blade, pitch black and just the right weight for him. It felt best in his left hand, which was how he was holding it. His feather was gone.

He had never held a blade in his left hand, but it felt right. He had always been taught to use the right, as the left was Loki's fist...but he had never been able to draw or write as well with his right, and had given up in favor of hiding his left-handedness.

He was the property of Niflheim now though. Might as well go full out. He pulled the blade away from his eyes and looked up at his father, who had managed to snatch his hammer back from Toothless, and the two of whom were at odds.

"Stand down bud."

Even as he said it, a voice boomed over Hiccup, and he had to turn around to see who it was. Of course...

It was Heimdall.

He seemingly paid no attention to the blade, but he did have one comment as he passed.

"So it begins, Haddock."

He kept on walking, passing Stoic with a simple request for him to return to his seat. Stoick looked to Hiccup and to Toothless and Camicazi with a mixture of bewilderment, hate and sadness, but his look morphed into a more set determination as his eyes caught on the blade in Hiccup's hands.

"Sorcery...Loki's trickery. This day you have shown your true colors. You are no son of mine, Hiccup. We will finish this...later."

He turned and walked off back to his seat to finish his meal, and left behind him a chasm stretched wide in the heart of one Hiccup Horrendous...Nothing. He felt the sting of pain in him, but he refused to show it.

Stubborn. His eyes hardened.

"So be it."

**+~E~+**

I'm glad some people like this. It keeps me going. I had planned to make this chapter longer but time caught up with me. Sorry~. =S. On the other notes...

_Henry, last chapter ties in with everything, it was mainly movie, and the movie does show shipping with Astrid and Hiccup, so I had to show it. I don't plan for them to end up together here, but the time is yet not right to see if I plan for the ending to have Hiccup with Camicazi either. I might just end up being mean to them and keeping them apart...but that's not set in stone, they still can end up nice and cozy too. _

_Johnny, I know last chapter was confusing, I was looking to try and

find a way to make it work, and I think I have finally managed to think of one, next chapter should show for sure if I have succeeded in my war against the movie. Lol. XD._

Hello Davis. I only have one thing to say...

_Perhaps, in this case, being in Hel is the only way Hiccup can achieve his purpose. _

Not saying anymore, already said too much there.

~C F Winchester.

8. Defense (Take II)

**I don't know how; but one of you guys got a sneak preview of what this chapter was before I updated it. If anyone else had this, I have changed this chapter slightly so that it will not be boring if re-read.**

Some of you might have wondered, in the last chapter, where the "character death" and "rotten cheese" was in the last chapter; well truth be told it was not there, because chapter six was posted incomplete. My soap box rant took a large portion of my time, and so did responding in PM to said flames, I did not want to break my promise of weekly updates, and if I had continued the chapter as one piece, I would have, and I would have more or less completely destroyed my effort to keep chapters small, as last chapter would have been nearer to 5000 words or over.

__DreamWorks Animation produced the How to Train Your Dragon movie, it was distributed by Paramount Pictures, and the original story this movie was based on was written by Cressida Cowell.__

Dean DeBlois, Chris Sanders & Will Davies were in charge of screenplay for How To Train Your Dragon. DeBlois and Sanders together wrote and drafted the movie script.

**This part WILL contain the character death and missing cheese.**

**Bonds Under Ocean Waves**

**Chapter ****6: Defense- Part Two.**

Stoic walked back to his seat, trying to clean his shoulder and back of sauce as he did so.

As he sat down, Gobber passed him a slice of pie. He took it without comment. Gobber however, was full of them.

"Well~. Tha' went well. I see you met your son."

Stoic only grunted in response, his mouth occupied elsewhere. He hoped Gobber would drop it, but the man decided not to. It was infuriating, but Stoic supposed he deserved it. He had cut the other's life short by at least a good twenty years after all.

"You know, that boy is something more than just yours. There is a

reason all...this-

Gobber waved about his arm with a loaf of bread in it vaguely.

"- is being done. Yah' know the boy is meant for something more."

Stoic's mind drifted to the picture of the young man atop a dragon, soaring in the sky with a powerful cut of figure and determined, set eyes. The sword was different now, but would it have been the same had he lived? Stoic shook his head. What's done is done.

"What he would have been isn't important Gobber, it's what he is now. That's not my son, and I don't want to hear any more about it."

He dug into his pie, and that was the end of that...more or less.

"Yah missed a spot, by the way."

Gobber's good hand came out with a cloth and wiped Stoic's back clean of sauce.

Yet; across the room and somewhat to the left, the drama was just getting started...

Astrid had approached semi-close to Hiccup and his dragon her eyes scanning the pair and their company, Camicazi. She scaled a little closer and froze when Toothless moved a little. Hiccup seemed distracted by a sword in his hands, and Toothless was watching him go at it... so all she had to do was...

She zipped and snagged the sleeve of Camicazi's robe and in a flash her hand was over her mouth. In a trice she had pulled the other, slightly smaller girl away and up. Camicazi struggled against her, but she was well and truly caught and trussed, and when she realized this, she desisted and instead settled to biting down on the palms of Astrid's hand.

Astrid didn't let go until they were far away from Toothless and Hiccup however, so it was a painful trip for both of them, seeing as Astrid had decided proper payment for biting her palm was to dig her nails into other the girls' arm.

Once safely at a table, she released her captive, who instantly grabbed her arm and grit her teeth.

"Do your nails have to be so sharp?"

Astrid decided attacking was the best method here, and did so gladly, her hand wouldn't let her see it any other way.

"Do your teeth?"

"Does your tongue?"

"I could say the same about yours."

Camicazi smiled and sat back on the balls of her feet, not bothering with the table that Astrid was on. They sat staring at each other

thus, one up high and the other down low.

Like it always has been.

That thought was rather unwelcome in Camicazi's head, and she shook it off before addressing Astrid.

"So, what do you want with me, Viking Princess?"

Astrid gave the smiling girl a hard look. Camicazi's grin didn't budge an inch for it.

"This isn't about me...what do you want with Hiccup?"

Extending her smile into a grin, Camicazi looked the other over. Strong, she had always been strong. Athletic, limber. Quick. Smart in her own ways. If it came to a fight, she'd be in some serious trouble. She was quick too, but not as strong, and though probably a little more limber, she was not as well trained in combat. Camicazi was a dip and run type, Astrid; the duck and strike. She had to keep this on the intellectual field, where she was the better.

Still; it could not hurt to poke some fun.

"I've always liked him. You've only liked him for what, three days tops?"

"Define "Always""

Camicazi snuffed a laugh before it could start and flipped some of her messy hair back.

"Since I was old enough to look. Maybe three?"

"...and how old are you now?"

Avoiding the direct question, Camicazi gave her a round about answer.

"Same age as you are."

Astrid narrowed her eyes. That same feeling of familiarity was back. She asked a question more to herself than to Camicazi, but it was loud enough for the other to hear.

"Where have I seen you before..."

"Look in a mirror."

If Astrid narrowed her eyes any more, she'd be squinting. She returned to a normal tone of voice to address her.

"I need a serious answer."

"Then...we used to swim together."

Which was technically true. So Camicazi wasn't lying. At least as far as she knew. Astrid however, predictably; did not get it.

"What? Where?"

Camicazi was unwilling to let go of such a powerful weapon so soon in the game, and what would be worse would be to see if her sister had pity for her, so she decided to deflect the question with one of her own.

"Hey I've answered plenty of your questions by now. Time for one of mine. How did you end up here? You dead or.."

Eyes opening again, Astrid looked over her present company. She was about to protest the change in topic but guessed that it was fair enough. She had asked plenty, so why couldn't the other girl ask a few?

Still...the question brought back memories...

"I'm...dead..."

**+~-1-~+**

"_RAID! DRAGON RAID!"_

At first, the call was thought to be from some drunken viking who had seen to many battles and was no longer fit to go on another, so his sorrow had turned to drunkenness, and thus he was making up his own raid.

In the day time.

In the MIDDLE of the SUNNY day time.

_However, when the dragons began swooping in, no one continued to question the drunken old man. Other old people, pregnant women, untrained teens and children were forced to raise to the call in answer to swooping dragons come to steal sheep and take names. _

It was funny though, no dragon seemed to be stealing any sheep or causing any fire. They were just swooping in, but that alone was enough. The first strike was a young boy who swung a hammer in the eye of a landing Nadder. It squawked and sent spines at the child.

_The shot heard round the world had been thrown, and all out war broke out as an old woman beat the dragon with a pike. Then the fires started, and boy...could things burn in the day time. Just the same as they could at night. _

Dragons continued to swoop in as more and more villagers were called to defend the land. Astrid herself had to contend with a Gronkle that dive bombed her out of nowhere. She managed to smack it away with the blunt of her axe and then swept in to kill. These were not Hiccup's little pet dragons. Astrid was not stupid.

_The raid party had not come back yet, and these dragons had come here. Even a viking with half a brain, and unfortunately, some of the vikings on Berk actually had less than that, could tell that something had happened to the raid party. _

_They had failed, Astrid just knew it, and now the angry dragons were

coming to Berk. _

_For revenge. _

_They never attacked on a day like this. Never. There was no other explanation. Stoic must have breached the mountain, and the dragons had killed them all...now the rest were here to finish the job.

_

Astrid's axe fell and landed with a crash against the Gronkle's tough skin, but she rose her axe again before it could recover and slashed at it's softer underbelly, drawing blood. She struck again, and again...until it stopped screeching at her. Not even a moment too soon either, for another beast, a Nadder, corkscrewed right in at her once the Gronkle had finally fell, screaming bloody murder. She swung at it's spines and hit it's forehead, making it land heavy, dizzy. She instantly swung at it's small, leathery wings and cut a deep welt, making it scream and spit fire. It burned along her arm, melting through leather and bracer to broil the flesh, but she still rose her axe again and slashed down upon it's neck, cutting short the gout of flames. Her arm burned. It blazed. But she ran off from her kills, searching...

Snotlout was engaged with a Nightmare, only he would try to go after one of those, but his nerve had failed during the fight, and now he was running for his life, the Nightmare spewing flame after him. In the other direction, the twins were seemingly confusing a Nadder, it was squawking at them and shooting flames, and some were dangerously close...

Snotlout or Ruff and Tuff?

Astrid dashed at the Nadder, making one heck of a racket yelling to get it's attention. It swung around in time to get a face full of axe, and Tuffnut caught it with a hammer to the jaw. Ruffnut capitalized with a poke in the eye from her pike and the dragon's voice was cut short by the arrival of another axe from a old man on it's neck. It was not completely dead yet however, as it's flames caught and it's head whipped around, barbecuing the man on the spot. Astrid's axe put it out of it's misery, but it was too late for the old viking.

The sky was full of dragons by now; swirling, undulating, winging dragons of claws and talons and bulbous eyes of yellow and green, wheeling, turning and calling as they dove and blasted fire, striking from high and on the ground as vikings fell. The old and decrepit seemed to fall first, most trying to protect the grandchildren they loved...then it was free game. Astrid and the twins rushed to help Snotlout, only to find him buried between a mountain of dragon. He wasn't dead, but he might as well be. He had managed to kill a Gronkle that had gotten in his way with the Nightmare, but the nightmare had taken advantage and had brutally bitten off his arm. He spilled blood like water as he struggled one armed against another Nadder, but the dragon has spat fire in his face, and his howls of anguish were enough to foretell the next few moments, Astrid knew she would not get there in time.

Sure; she did not particularly like Snotlout, but to watch him die like this...

_She rushed in the next direction, looking for Fishlegs...and as she searched she heard a concussive thud from far off. Ducking dragons as the wheeled and called she lost track of the twins, but saw them fighting off some Zippleback in the corner of her eyes. _

_She hoped to Freya they would be okay as she looked for Fishlegs. The area called Berk had become a sea of blood and dragons; of staring eyes and ripping claws. She could hardly see and ducked under a tail to slash at it, hearing the roar of a Zippleback before it barreled at her, hissing and spitting sparks. _

_She took this as a hint and ducked it's lash out, slashing it's other neck and making both heads scream as the gaseous head parted company with it's body. The other head soon followed. They rolled...so much like Hiccup's own had when a viking had dropped it carrying the body, no one had told him it was beheaded, or more like the fact had not sunk into his thick skull. _

"_Fishlegs! Fishlegs where are you! FISHLEGS!"_

When she finally found Fishlegs...she wished she could have kept on looking. A Gronkle must have had it's way with the large but kind boy. He was burned to a barely recognizable mess. The only reason she knew it was he was because of the size of the girth and the clothing, the too small helmet on his head.

She turned away, seeing red of blood and anger as she cut and slashed her way back to where she hoped the twins still breathed.

She never got that far. The concussive thuds, getting closer all the time, now heralded a huge dragon she had seen before. Her heart stilled in place as the beast, so much larger than even she had imagined, bore down upon Berk.

_Its roar was the very last thing she ever heard...it just about deafened her with it's concussive blows and undulating roar. She ran pell-mell through scattering dragons, taking little comfort in the fact that the dragons seemed just as scared of the monster as the Vikings were. It's bulk seemed to fill your vision, it drew your eyes. Large, razor sharp claws gouged the earth and tossed up clods as it landed, smacking into houses that were still up and spraying them with debris. _

It was the wind from the massive wings that blew back any dragon and Viking alike that were too slow to get far enough away, they flew like skittles from a burst bag, half heartedly standing houses blew apart like bombs, raining down material on all and any in the way, chaos reigned.

...and blood spilled from the skies as the Red Death begot it's name.

**+~-2-~+**

Camicazi's voice; from far off, seemed to bring Astrid crashing back to the present. She fixed the girl with a wild look and saw some registered pity there. It wasn't welcome.

"Okay; I get it. I'm sorry I asked. Why don't we just end this

conversation here and I go back to my seat? I see Heimdall approaching the front. I think we are going to get our entertainment again."

Grasping upon this line of conversation like a life line, Astrid yanked on Camicazi's shoulder and stilled her. The other girl winced, but this was ignored. Astrid's eyes were still wild, but her voice was steady enough, if a bit loud in the ear of the other.

"No! No...you didn't answer my last question."

Wincing once more, this time at the sound, Camicazi sighed.

"Do you know no other way of getting what you want besides violence? It's been like that since you were a baby..."

Astrid let go of her like a slice of rotten, moldy cheese that she had grabbed without seeing what it was. She looked at the girl again in question.

"What do you know of my babyhood?"

Camicazi smiled a little sadly.

"Your mother is one of twins. You have twin brothers, and your father's father is one of twins. Your mother's grandmother was one of twins. Don't you think it would make...sense...if you were also one of twins?"

Astrid looked at the other girl, and then her eyes, finally, widened. Her hand shook, and she reached out again but did not quite touch the other girl. She was afraid...but she had to confirm...

"You...you're..."

Camicazi shook her head. It was worse to see fear than pity. She actually wanted to comfort her...but she couldn't. It was her place to keep the hurt coming. She asked for it, so she would get it...and it would be just revenge...with a little interest to come.

"Your still born sister. You took all the resources; you did not leave enough for me. You survived, I...went to Hel. You stole my life, with the same strength and violence vikings praise and love. That's your legacy, Miss Freyja's hall. You've stolen all from me, and almost managed to get the one thing that even in death I cherished...but you failed. So now I have the chance to steal something from you."

Her voice dropped to a whisper and her hair hid her eyes, she took a step back and looked at Astrid from behind lidded bangs.

"You can be sure I'm going to take it."

Before Astrid could respond, Odin stood from his seat.

"Sons and Daughters, my friends, come! Heimdall tells me he is not a weary as I thought him to be. He wishes to show you all more of the visions of the past, more of the story of fate that our friend Hiccup has spun. So, without further ado..."

Heimdall stood at attention, and his weapon flashed out to the front of the hall, power coursing it's length. Odin seemed to pause to draw breath.

"Heimdall! Portal!"

The god stood and spun his weapon, but the next second, he growled and instead spun towards the door. Odin looked at him questioningly, but his question was answered instantly by the sight of a figure leaning against the door frame.

"Oh, don't mind me. I want to watch too, is that a crime now? Since when was your dear son unable to sit and watch an event with his cherished father...Allfather
Odin...?"

"Loki..."

**+~-E-~+**

THIS was supposed to be how that last chapter ended. Yes, I typed this in about three hours. No it was not much of a problem for me...well it was kinda. I got another injury on the hand to contend with. I was working with a solder iron and put it down on the ground...I don't need to go further do I? Most of my left hand's palm has a long stripe burn...and it burns. T-T.

I withheld this chapt from you guys for a bit because I was afraid it would not show up on the roster if I update more than once in a day. Would not have been the first time...and after a test I realize I am correct to hold it back from you all...

_Now before I get a comment about Loki. Yes, I had him planned from the start, but no, not in this chapter. I decided to give him an express ticket because I figure I can have some fun with him here now. He's going to be the life of this here dear, dear party...XD.

_

Camicazi is slightly smaller than Astrid due to the fact she was the runt that never made it, and the difference in diets and lifestyles in life. Camicazi was not fed as well, nor did she have an as active and athletic supporting lifestyle as Astrid did. Thus she is smaller, thinner and ultimately weaker of body. Please don't call me out on it, as shown here I have my reasons.

_Yes I typed all of this with that, aren't you happy for my dedication? I submitted the first half, went to a doctor, came home, went to do some work, got burned then came in and how do I treat this burn? Rub toothpaste on it and then type. Wise I am not. I am a DIY'er and this year is not my friend. =S. _

_Aww, poor baby. _

Winer123, here is your soon update. Sparky and Johnny, I thank you guys for your supporting comments. You really do help motivate me~XD.

Sparky, I'm glad you like this!

**+~E~+**

~C F Winchester.

9. Loki

I still have a rate me poll up.

Bottom for review responses, as always.

One person is re-writing their Watching the Movie fiction, and another person posted up one. I often wonder what I'm doing wrong, for I never get such instant popularity as those. Of course when I get up from being half-asleep, I once again realize it's because of the soap box issue I was talking about.

_I'm different, and do things my own way... :) _

I'm not sorry for it. XD

I changed the title of this story so it would be shorter and easier on the eyes. More concise and to the point.

__DreamWorks Animation produced the How to Train Your Dragon movie, it was distributed by Paramount Pictures, and the original story this movie was based on was written by Cressida Cowell.__

Dean DeBlois, Chris Sanders & Will Davies were in charge of screenplay for How To Train Your Dragon. DeBlois and Sanders together wrote and drafted the movie script.

**Warning, this chapter contains:**

_**More Movie development.

>Lots and lots of Loki's Trickery.

>A New Movie-Story transition effect.

>All movie content is now boldfaced, Movie script has been further edited so that it contains colons for character attentions, which it should have had from the beginning for grammar purposes anyway, but I was too busylazy to do it and the script apparently did not think they needed it. (Which is fair enough, it was only for their use originally, and as long as they understood it...)

>Lots more "new" transition effects.
**I will be including a lot of my standard formatting that I had originally thrown out for this story, I did some of it last chapter, this chapter should have some more... things like alignment, separators, all that good stuff._

~C F Winchester, Finalage.

**Bonds Under Ocean Waves**

**Chapter ****7: Loki.**

He smirked as he sauntered over and placed himself deliberately between Astrid and Fishlegs, cutting off Snotlout's sight of her and grinning at Heimdall. He did this for more reason than it may have first seemed, for he had effectively not only given himself what was perhaps the best seat in the house in relation to the screen, but

also putting himself in the direct center of anyone's vision. Heimdall aimed his weapon at the god, but Odin stilled him with a wave of his palm.

"Portal Heimdall. Attack him and he has right to start a war. He has done no wrong...yet."

Loki's smirk grew wider at this. Heimdall turned back and thrust his weapon out, forming the portal. It's shimmering colors mellowed to black for a second before starting up again right where it left off, it's colors vibrant and real, the burning fire in the village visible and Gobber stood framed against the windows and doorway...

~Movie~

**IN THE STALL Gobber trades his hammer for an axe.

>

**GOBBER: "Man the fort, Hiccup, they need me out there!"
>Gobber pauses. Turns with a threatening glare.

**GOBBER (CONT'D) : "Stay. Put. There. You know what I mean."
**

~B~

Hiccup rolled his eyes at this one. He remembered that line. He watched his own face with a slowly spreading look of awe and delight. He knew he was thinking at that moment that this was his chance.

"Yes Gobber, I'm sure we all know what you mean..."

~M~

**Gobber charges into the fray, HOLLERING. **

**EXT. VILLAGE - MOMENTS LATER **

WHAM! Hiccup pushes his wheeled contraption through a wall of clustered Vikings. He weaves through the ongoing mayhem, as fast as his legs can carry him.

~B~

"Gobber! WHY IN THOR'S NAME DID YOU LEAVE HIM ALONE?"

Gobber winced at the yell that had come right near his ears, but he had a bellow of his own, directed at the boy sitting calmly braced up against his dragon with a smile on his face.

"I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU KNEW WHAT I MEANT!"

Hiccup smiled at this and yelled back with full humor intended.

"I did!"

Gobber decided to relive an earlier moment by trading places with Hiccup in the conversation. Hiccup decided to humor him by continuing it once he heard the tone.

"Ohhhh."

"Ohhh yes."

Gobber pointed at him.

"You sir, are playing a dangerous game..."

Hiccup's grin became all the wider. He decided enough was enough.

"That's my line!"

>"Like Hel it is!"
"Just watch the portal Gobber. You'll like what you see."

Looking back at the screen to see a hiccup dodging through yelling vikings with his contraption, he shook his head.

"I doubt tha!"

"SHUT UP WILL YOU I'M TRYING TO WATCH THIS!"

Both turned tot he viking looking at the screen with glares, but decided not to argue any further.

~M~

VIKING #6 (O.S.): "Hiccup, where are you going!"

VIKING #7: "Come back here!"

HICCUP: "I know. Be right back!"

**ON THE PLAIN BELOW The Nadders have cornered the house-full of sheep. They close in, ready to spring upon them. Stoic suddenly appears, HURLING FISHING NETS over them. The surprised Nadders are caught. Stoic and his men rush in. A Nadder blasts a hole through its net. Stoic leaps onto it, clamping his thick arms around its head, forcing its jaws shut. **

**STOIC: "Mind yourselves! The devils still have some juice in them!"
**

ON THE PLAIN ABOVE Hiccup reaches a cliff overlooking the smoking CATAPULT and drops the handles to the ground. He cranks several levers, unfolding and then cocking the bowed arms of his contraption. He drops a bola onto a chamber and then pivots the weapon on a gimbal head toward the dark sky. He listens, with his eye pressed to the scope, hand poised on the trigger.

~B~

||Oh, there it is.

"Yeah bud...I'm sorry."

||Don't be.

By Astrid and company however, Loki was grinning.

"Ah ha, such mischief as this I see. It's brilliant. Why bother throwing it yourself? Make something to throw it for you!"

He turns and looks to Astrid and leans to her ear.

"...and why not go after such brilliance mi'lady? Surely he likes you, see the way he looks at you!"

He grinned as his voice dropped lower.

"Or is it because of his current status? That can be changed you know...see how much is being done for him...don't you think Odin wants him? Convince the boy to leave Niflheim and Odin would rewards you..."

He left Astrid reeling from that one. It was true, Odin would not do all this unless he saw a point but...why? How can you pull one of Niflheim's away to make them one of Asgard...and would she want that?

She looked to Hiccup and saw Toothless's tail twitch. Loki again whispered in her ear.

"He was meant to be a great warrior you know. Him and that dragon."

Did she want that? Little Hiccup, son of chief Stoic, proving himself a warrior with her? Lok answered for her.

"Of course you want it. You just have to take your birthright. Your sister died, she was weak, you were strong. All that you have is your birthright. You have fought for it...now she seeks to usurp you. Take back what is yours. Do it..."

The god smirked as Astrid's face set while she continued to watch the screen. Midgardians. So easy. As he stood there, another of him approached and sat near Camicazi, not too close, but just behind her. Both copies grinned.

This would be entertaining.

~M~

**He hears the NIGHT FURY approaching... and turns his aim to the defense tower. It closes in for the final strike, completely camouflaged in the night. **

**HICCUP (TO HIMSELF): "Come on. Give me something to shoot at, give me something to shoot at." **

KABLAM! The tower topples. The blast of fire illuminates the dragon for a split second. Hiccup pulls the trigger. KERTHUNK! The flexed arms SNAP forward, springing the weapon off the ground. The bola disappears into the sky, followed by a WHACK and a SCREECH.

****HICCUP (CONT'D) (surprised, then elated): "Oh I hit it! Yes, I hit it! Did anybody see that?"****

****Hiccup's victory is short-lived. A Monstrous Nightmare appears, slithering up over the lip of the cliff and destroying his invention with a well placed foot.****

****~B~****

||I believe he saw that.

Hiccup turned with a smile and a tone that made Loki, behind Camicazi, smile. He liked this boy.

"Oh, really? You think?"

****~M~****

****HICCUP (CONT'D): "Except for you." ****

****~B~****

Ruffnut and Tuffnut both began laughing at the same time at Hiccup's dismal luck, but Snotlout was still staring, mouth agape, at the screen. He finally burst out with his own comment.

"Usless actually HIT SOMETHING?!"

****~M~****

****ON STOIC, holding down the netted Nadders. He hears a familiar HOLLER and looks up to see... HICCUP running through the PLAZA, SCREAMING, with the NIGHTMARE fast on his heels. Alarmed, Stoic abandons the Nadders and runs off. ****

****STOICK (to his men, re: the NADDERS): "Argh...DO NOT let them escape!" ****

****IN THE PLAZA Vikings scatter as Hiccup dodges a near fatal blast. The Nightmare's sticky, Napalm-like fire splashes up onto buildings, setting them alight. Hiccup ducks behind the last standing brazier - the only shelter available. The Nightmare blasts it, spraying fire all around him. Hiccup peers around the smoldering post. No sign of the Nightmare. He turns back to find it leering at him, blocking his escape. It takes a deep breath. Hiccup is finished. Suddenly, Stoic LEAPS between them, tackling the Nightmare to the ground. They tumble and wrestle, resuming their earlier fight. The Nightmare tries to toast him, but only coughs up smoke. ****

****STOIC (CONT'D): "You're all out."****

****He smashes the Nightmare repeatedly in the face, driving it away. It takes to the air and disappears. Winded, Stoickturns to Hiccup. ****

****HICCUP (V.O.): Oh, and there's one more thing you need to know... ****

****The burnt brazier pole collapses, sending the massive iron basket crashing. It bounces down the hill, destroying as it goes and**

scattering the Vikings who were holding down the netted Nadders. The freed dragons escape... with several sheep in tow. **

**HICCUP (CONT'D): "Sorry... dad." **

~B~

One of the usual feasting vikings in the hall look up at this comment, and look from the boy to the man on screen in confusion for a second before bursting out the obvious comment.

"Wait...what...? THAT'S HIS FATHER?!"

Stoic puts his head in his hands, and another viking calmly takes a loaf of bread and stuffs it in the offenders mouth, shutting him up. Loki, for his credit, laughs heartily, catching the attention of Camicazi. Her eyes narrow, but she makes no comment and turns back to the screen.

~M~

**EXT. VILLAGE - UPPER PLAZA - CONTINUOUS The escaped Nadders fly past with sheep in their clutches. The raid is over. The dragons have clearly won. The murmuring crowd eyes Stoic, awaiting his response.
**

**HICCUP (SHEEPISH): "Okay, but I hit a Night Fury."
**

~B~

||Famous last words?

"Hardly."

~M~

Stoic grabs Hiccup by the back scruff of his collar and hauls him away, fuming with embarrassment. Hiccup continues to speak as he dangles in his father's hold.

HICCUP (CONT'D): "It's not like the last few times, Dad. I mean I really actually hit it. You guys were busy and I had a very clear shot. It went down, just off Raven Point. Let's get a search party out there, before it-"

**STOIC: " STOP! Just...stop." **

**He releases Hiccup. Everyone goes silent, staring expectantly.
**

STOIC (CONT'D): "Every time you step outside, disaster follows. Can you not see that I have bigger problems? Winter's almost here and I have an entire village to feed!"

**Hiccup looks around. All eyes are upon him. **

HICCUP: "Between you and me, the village could do with a little less feeding, don't ya think?"

**A few rotund Vikings stir self-consciously. **

**STOIC: "This isn't a joke, Hiccup!" (EXASPERATED) "Why can't you follow the simplest orders?" **

**HICCUP: "I-I can't stop myself. I see a dragon and I have to just... kill it, you know? It's who I am, Dad."
**

~B~

||Funny, I have yet to see you kill one.

"That's because I haven't yet. Something I'm now proud of."

~M~

**STOIC: "Ugh...You are many things, Hiccup. But a dragon killer? ...Is not one of them." **

**Sting. Hiccup looks around to see many nods of agreement.
**

**STOIC (CONT'D): "Get back to the house. "(TO GOBBER) "Make sure he gets there. I have his mess to clean up." **

**Stoic lumbers off in the opposite direction. Gobber, smacking Hiccup up top the head, leads Hiccup through the walk of shame. They pass the teen fire brigade as they snicker. **

**TUFFNUT: "Quite the performance." **

**SNOTLOUT: "I've never seen anyone mess up that badly. That helped!"
**

**HICCUP: "Thank you, thank you. I was trying, so..." **

**Hiccup avoids Astrid's glare and heads up toward a large house, standing prominently on the hill above the others. **

~B~

"Huh, would you look at how she looks at him! I suppose it's a good thing he has you now?"

Camicazi looks back at the muttering Loki as he continues to whisper.

"Still, are you sure you do have him? You do know why-"

"I'm not stupid. Odin wants Hiccup."

She turned back to the movie, and Loki smiled. He decided to try again.

~M~

**HICCUP (CONT'D): "I really did hit one." **

~B~

"I'm not talking about Odin alone here you know."

~M~

**GOBBER: "Sure, Hiccup." **

~B~

"I'm talking about your sister too."

"She's part of Asgard."

"Are you sure...?"

~M~

**HICCUP: "He never listens." **

~B~

"She's dead."

"She didn't tell you HOW she died..just that she died...and then she went and re-lived her death in silence, not hearing a word you said until you snapped her out of it. You don't know where she belongs. Perhaps she died before she could prove herself~."

This of course, was untrue, but Loki wasn't lying, simply...supposing. The girl needn't know the whole story...not for his amusement. He let her stew for a bit.

Just suppose that Astrid was destined for Niflheim...she's be down there...with Hiccup again...and Camicazi was not kidding herself. She had liked Hiccup for years, but Hiccup had only met HER a few hours ago, a day or two at most. Hiccup had mooned after Astrid for years.

...and when it came to base looks, Astrid was the better cared for, stronger looking ox next to her. She unconsciously petted down her messy hair as behind her Loki grinned.

Indeed, this was going to be_ fun_.

~M~

**GOBBER: "Well, it runs in the family." **

**HICCUP: "...And when he does, it's always with this... disappointed scowl. Like someone skimped on the meat in his sandwich."
**

**(MIMICKING STOIC): "Excuse me, barmaid! I'm afraid you brought me the wrong offspring! I ordered an extra large boy with beefy arms! Extra guts and glory on the side! This here, this is a talking fish bone!" **

~B~

Loki, despite himself, grinned as Hiccup and Camicazi both began to laugh at Hiccups own actions. Oh sweet Odin it was perfect! A few other vikings were laughing as well, but Stoic was scowling into a cup of ale.

"I don't sound like that."

"Actually yah do."

Again it was Gobber who provided this comment from the peanut gallery.

~M~

**GOBBER: "Now come on, you're thinking about this all wrong. It's not so much what you look like. It's what's inside that he can't stand." **

**Beat. **

HICCUP: "Thank you, for summing that up."

~B~

Oh Loki did like this boy, he had the same sarcastic fire he did...but it did make things difficult. If he wanted to have some fun, he would have to hope he was not quite as smart as he was estimating...as he thought, Hiccup looked to Gobber in the distance and yelled over some heads again.

"Yeah, thanks a LOT Gobber."

"My pleasure!"

~M~

**They reach the doorway. **

**GOBBER: "Look, the point is, stop trying so hard to be something you're not." **

**Hiccup SIGHS heavily. **

**HICCUP: "I just want to be one of you guys. Gobber eyes him sympathetically. Hiccup turns and goes through the front door...and straight out the back door. He hurries off into the woods, determined. **

~B~

"Gobber! I asked you to make sure-

"That he gets home. Yah' never asked me to make sure he stays."

__**+~~E~~+**__

Seems like it works, Toothless wise.

_Now I think the M and B are distracting. *Sigh* The last step, if I

am right is to simply streamline to just bold and unbold, with proper spacing, but tell me what you think. I believe I have a good balance of Movie and story this point at any rate, though I am moving much, much slower than the usual fic of this fare._

_Then again, most of this fare don't really have their own storyline to maintain so there is that to chew on. **
>_

_~Don't think you're such a horrid person __**curryboh**__, I'm pretty sure you're not the only one. Also, the quotes I thought about but I wanted to try something else first.

>_**~RollingUpHigh,**__ I think the same, however, will I let the story go that way? Probably...but maybe not.

>_**~Johnnylee619,**__ as always I thank you for that.

>_**~Legendofthefury**__, do you know you're the only person across three stories who's asked me that? XD Thank you, I hope so too...

>_**~winer123**__- Yes, wow. I'm not done yet though!

>~Hello _**JuneTooth!**__ Loki will be flitting in and out of this story, he's an instrument I plan to use. Like in this chapter. XD._

_Have fun guys~
>

~C F Winchester.

10. Met

Bottom for review responses, as always.

I've decided from reviews that I will keep the same idea for separating story and movie as last chapter, but it wont be with M and B markers, I'll use something I hope is less intrusive.

_Apparently, this story is now rated number two stat wise for favorites, alerts and follows out of all of my own stories, though, while I'm happy, it's not saying much since only one of my stories was ever actually popular. Lol. However! Twenty one is a solid amount. Again, yes I know it's not comparable to the others. _

I don't work on that standard anyway. I wanted to submit this, as despite my burnt hand, I did make a promise for weekly updates...and I don't have to type much between movie scripts. I estimate a chapter here takes about one and a half to two thousand of my own words

I do feel guilty though, about my story Lemongrass Stains, which on average takes about six or seven thousand words from me chapter by chapter...and I have been unable to submit a chapter to it since the tenth of this month.

__DreamWorks Animation produced the How to Train Your Dragon movie, it was distributed by Paramount Pictures, and the original story this movie was based on was written by Cressida Cowell.__

Dean DeBlois, Chris Sanders & Will Davies were in charge of screenplay for How To Train Your Dragon. DeBlois and Sanders together wrote and drafted the movie script.

**Warning, this chapter contains:**

_**Mind games, courtesy of Loki.

>More Movie!
Beginnings of tension between cast members.(Only the beginning you say? Yes.)

>A few re-written scenes of the movie.- I re-wrote a major scene in this chapter so that it would more elaborately explain what was going on during the movie. The script is, just that, a script. It's good for putting things in place, but novelization, especially for main scenes, is better for a story. If you are following the script along with me, you'll notice where I leave the script behind and use my own word, although it's rather obvious without looking._

~C F Winchester, Finalage.

**Bonds Under Ocean Waves**

**Chapter ****8: Met.**

Camicazi took a nervous glance in the direction of Hiccup, who was leaning on Toothless next to her as the portal dimmed again to indicate the changing of the scene. She looked him over and noticed his hands were on the ground on either side of him, not in his lap folded up as they had been before. He was paying more attention to the movie now where before he had been more interested in the audience. Her eyes zoomed back to his hand. It seemed like it was a whole realm away from her, despite being just over a full hands' span away. She swallowed and reached out.

Unconsciously, her eyes rolled and found Astrid's. The girl was staring _right_ at her, and with such an intensity that Camicazi snatched her hand back as if burned and unbidden let out a quarter of a gasp. She swallowed again at the continued burning look, but Hiccup had heard the noise and looked around.

"Something wrong Camicazi?"

Her eyes locked on him, but she could still see Astrid out of the corner of one eye. She gave an apologetic smile.

"Oh, nothing, no need to worry, just...someone was looking this way. I thought they were watching me. Nothing big. Oh look, the portal is showing again!"

Hiccup gave a half smile and looked back at the portal, Camicazi looked at Astrid. She too was once again looking forwards...but she thought she had been sitting closer before...hadn't she? Maybe it was just a trick on her eyes...

Behind her, Loki grinned.

o~||

**INT. GREAT HALL - DAY A noisy din of PROTESTING VOICES leads to...

STOICK, glowering in the firelight. Surrounded by his men.

**

**STOIC: "Either we finish them or they'll finish us! It's the only way we'll be rid of them! If we find the nest and destroy it, the dragons will leave. They'll find another home." **

**He sinks his blade into a... LARGE NAUTICAL MAP, spread out on the table... the blade pierces the middle of an uncharted corner, swirling with painted sea monsters and dragons. **

**STOIC (CONT'D) (DECIDEDLY): "One more search. Before the ice sets in." **

**VIKING: "Those ships never come back." **

**STOIC (MATTER-OF-FACT): "We're Vikings. It's an occupational hazard. Now who's with me?" **

**Stoic throws up his fist. No one follows. The crowds shifts in restless silence. Head scratches. Eyes averted. **

**VIKING (FEEBLE): "Today's not good for me." **

**VIKING (CONT'D) (EQUALLY FEEBLE): "I've gotta do my axe returns." **

**STOIC: "Alright... Those who stay will look after Hiccup." **

**Hands jut into the air, volunteers galore. Enthusiastic murmurs of prep and packing fill the room. **

o~||

Hiccup's face twists into a scowl, and this time Camicazi has no trouble putting her hand on his shoulder with a murmured sound of condolence. Toothless decided that this time, condolences were needed more than commentary and threats, so he simply gave a low croon. He gives a grateful glance to the pair of them before turning back to the screen. Toothless looked at Camicazi.

|He does love his father...but I am afraid the man doesn't deserve that love.

She petted his hind leg awkwardly, since she really had no idea where would be safe to touch him at this angle. No matter how much he talked and how calm he was around Hiccup, the fact remained that this was a dragon...and despite having used him as a seat, she knew her standing with him was only as good as his judgment was on her character...I.E: She was only tolerated by the grace of Hiccup by the dragon.

"I know."

By her seat, Astrid had take a half glance back at this comment, but didn't say anything. Her eyes had hovered just a fraction of a second on the hand that was on his shoulder before looking back...she did not see her interact with Toothless.

Loki's smile fades a little, more into a look of contemplation. So. Unloved by his father too. Loki saw how his plan could succeed now, but while it would still be fun to execute, it was slightly less fun in light of the fact that he would have to play on the love a child had for his father, which was a subject that hit home for him, seeing how his relationship with his own father seemed to have worked out...however, on the upside, it would be revenge for the both of them...

Unusually, it was Tuffnut who summed it up:

"Dude, that is so cold it's worse than the time that Yak got stuck in a blizzard and came out as a solid block."

Ruffnut blinked at that. Since when had her brother actually said useful things? Tuffnut looked at her and then adopted a slightly offended look.

"Oh what, I can't say things that make sense? That's racist."

Fishlegs, who had been mainly quiet up to this point, pipped up.

"Not exactly sure that's the right usage for that word there..."

"Then it's Tuffnutist."

Ruffnut decided to join in here.

"You just made that word up."

Looking superior, Tuffnut looked back at the portal.

"Well duh."

o||

**PHLEGMA THE FIERCE: "To the ships!" **

**SPITELOUT: "I'm with you Stoic!" **

STOIC (DRY): "That's more like it."

**The Vikings rush for the door, leaving Gobber and Stoic alone. Gobber gulps back the contents of his tankard attachment and scrapes back the bench. **

GOBBER: "I'll pack my undies."

**STOIC: "No, I need you to stay and train some new recruits."
**

**GOBBER: "Oh, perfect. And while I'm busy, Hiccup can cover the stall. Molten steel, razor sharp blades, lots of time to himself...what could possibly go wrong?" **

**Stoic sinks onto the bench beside Gobber, his brow burdened.
**

**STOIC: "What am I going to do with him Gobber?" **

**GOBBER: "Put him in training with the others." **

**STOIC: "No, I'm serious." **

**GOBBER: "So am I." **

**Stoic turns to him, glaring. **

STOIC: "He'd be killed before you let the first dragon out of its cage."

o~||

Hiccup's scowl deepened, and he managed to mutter:"Gee, thanks a lot dad."

Astrid look over at this comment and saw Camicazi reach over and murmur condolences, her hand absently in his hair. Her boil, unexpectedly, rose to a boil at this. Why was she pawing him? She looked away, back to the portal, huffing. At least taking comfort in the fact that Hiccup seemed to take no comfort from Camicazi's ministrations...

Behind her, she did not see the girl shift and grin at her before smoothly becoming another person. The copy of Loki grinned as he continued to watch the screen in front of him. This was indeed going to be fun.

o~||

**GOBBER: "Oh, you don't know that." **

**STOIC: "I do know that, actually." **

**GOBBER: "No, you don't." **

**STOIC: "No, actually I do." **

GOBBER: "No you don't!"

o~||

Camicazi gave him another look before saying in a low mumble:

"At least you had Gobber to defend you."

Hiccup looked up and found Gobber with his eyes. He called out, repeating a previous exchange, but while the last time it had been sarcastic and humorous, this time it was far more sincere.

"...Thanks a lot Gobber."

"...You're welcome."

Stoic shifted a little uncomfortably, but made no other move besides that. He had already said that wasn't his son. He had nothing to be

ashamed of.

o~||

STOIC: "Listen! You know what he's like. From the time he could crawl he's been...different. He doesn't listen...He has the attention span of a sparrow. I take him fishing and he goes hunting for... for trolls!"

**GOBBER (DEFENSIVE): "Trolls exist! They steal your socks."
**

o~||

"They do?"

Hiccup looked at Camicazi. He gave a silly kind of grin half way between goofy and sarcastic.

"Sure they do! But only-"

o~||

**GOBBER (DARKLY): "But only the left ones. What's with that?"
**

`o~||

"It's because they can't dance Gobber."

Astrid, Snotlout, Ruffnut and Tuffnut looked confused at this comment, and Fishlegs was momentarily so before he got it and burst out laughing for an absurd reason. Camicazi had far more decorum, but she did manage a smile. Gobber raised his eyebrows at that one and called back.

"I'm pretty sure that having two left feet was never meant to be literal boy!"

o~||

**STOIC: "When I was a boy..." **

**GOBBER (GRUMBLING): "Oh here we go." **

o~||

Gobber watched himself on the portal as he took a swig of his ale, and the exact same thing happened to him that had happened to him then. His stone pebble tooth fell out. He nearly gagged before it fell back into his mug and he peeped into it as he did so on screen before fishing it out the exact same way.

"Damn thing always falls out!"

He take a glance at the portal and became indignant once he realized that the teens around him had been sniggering at him doing the very same thing the portal was. He pointed at it with a savage finger.

"See!"

This time, it was the Twins who started to laugh. Tuffnut threw another statement out.

"Wait...why not use yak glue for it Gobber?"

"Because it makes things taste terrible tha's why, and since when were you so full of useful advice?"

"I think it's because I hit him too hard last time. Don't worry, I'll fix him!"

Ruffnut pounced on him from behind and conked him on the head; hard. Gobber decided to busy himself placing his tooth back in before looking for something to bang it back in.

o~||

**STOIC: "My father told me to bang my head against a rock and I did it. I thought it was crazy, but I didn't question him... and you know what happened?" **

GOBBER : "You got a headache."

o~||

Gobber, seeing himself use his mug, resigned himself to doing the exact same thing again and used his current mug.

o~||

**STOIC: "That rock split in two. It taught me what a Viking could do, Gobber. He could crush mountains, level forests, tame seas!" **

o~||

"Then explain how we lose all those ships at sea."

o~||

**STOIC: "Even as a boy, I knew what I was, what I had to become." **

(BEAT)

***Hiccup is not that boy." **

**GOBBER: "You can't stop him, Stoic. You can only prepare him." **

**(BEAT) **

***Look, I know it seems hopeless. But the truth is you won't always be around to protect him. He's going to get out there again. He's probably out there now." **

ON STOICK, as Gobber's words hit their mark...

****The scene changes...****

****EXT. WOODS - DAY ON AN OPEN NOTEBOOK ** **A drawn map of the island, covered in X's.****

****Hiccup looks up from it and peeks over a gorge, expectantly. Sees nothing. He adds another 'X' to the page, then scratches his pencil over the whole map in frustration. He snaps the book closed and pockets it.****

****O~||****

"...and here is the moment I am most ashamed of."

||Oh, I wouldn't worry about it too much, I paid you back for some of it if I remember right.

"Yeah, by scaring away about forty years of my life."

||...and your father took away the rest.

Hiccup didn't answer to the jibe.

****O~||****

****HICCUP: "Uggh, the gods hate me. Some people lose their knife, or their mug. No, not me. No, I manage to lose an entire DRAGON." ****

****Hiccup WHACKS a low-hanging branch. It SNAPS back at him, hitting him in the face.****

*****Argh!*****

****Hiccup rubs his eye as he looks at the tree with useless malice. Then he sees that it has been practically demolished by something that cracked it's trunk in half. He follows the sight with his eyes and sees that the tree lays by a trench that is carved down the slope. Something fell here and slid in the mud from the previous rain. It had probably crashed into the tree...he looked about before carefully lowering himself down and sliding alongside the trench. His hand comes out and caresses the tree back where long scratch marks are evident. Something tried to stop it's decent and had failed. The tree was not the only thing scratched...****

****Whatever that had fallen here had been alive. He controlled his slide and managed to stop himself by a ridge that jutted out over a cove. He takes a peek over the rock and sees a large, immobile black shape. It's a dragon. He ducks back instantly. Nothing, no fire, not roars...he cautiously peeks back over again and approaches the immobile object in awe.****

****Laying there against a fallen tree, tightly bound by his bola is a pitch black dragon, seemingly dead. Scattered debris from it's fall covers the rock face it lays upon, and Hiccup's eyes zip t encompass the creature he has dreamed about for years...****

****This was the Night Fury.****

O~||

"No! Don't tell me useless actually DID catch the Night Fury! He's useless! It makes no sense!"

Almost everyone, besides Hiccup and a few select others, turned to glare at Snotlout. He shut his mouth and shrunk some under the scrutiny.

Stoic looked at the portal. So. He had caught it...he almost wondered what would have happened if he had listened to him when he said it...

O~||

Hiccup searches himself frantically before coming up with his dagger, and then he cautiously approaches the downed dragon. It does not move.

HICCUP (CONT'D) (IN SHOCK): "Oh wow. I did it. I did it. Oh oh, T-this fixes everything!"

**(ELATED) "Yes!" **

**He strikes a victory pose, planting his foot on the fallen Night Fury. **

**HICCUP (CONT'D): "I have brought down this mighty beast!"
**

O~||

"Ugh."

||Hmm. I think that your reaction is actually rather muted considering the life you were going through.

"Still. Ugh. That's like Snotlout there."

He looked over and was surprised to see his father grinning at him from the table. What...? He looked to his side and saw Camicazi and Loki still there...wait...Loki? Wasn't he by Astrid? Loki seemed to be paying attention to the portal but...Hiccup shook his head. Loki could copy himself. He looked back at the table and saw his father attentively watching the scene. No indication that he had shared a smile with Hiccup was evident.

Loki...what do you want?

Hiccup carefully kept his face a study in surprise and slight longing.

O~||

It suddenly shifts, tossing him backwards against a boulder.

HICCUP (CONT'D): "Whoa!"

**Hiccup extricates himself from the boulder. He forces himself to

steady as he crawls along the length of the wounded, weak dragon, and comes over the cusp of one massive, bat like wing to reveal a brilliantly green eye, staring coldly at him with all the defiance of a judgment from Thor. Hiccup involuntarily swallows and readies his weapon, looking from it to the dragon as if seeking purchase and power from the other. His breaths move his entire lithe body as he speaks, and the blood pounding in his ears isn't helping matters.**

**HICCUP (CONT'D): "I'm going to kill you, Dragon. I'm gonna...I'm gonna cut out your heart and take it to my father..." **

His dagger shivers a little in his hand and he steadies it with his next statement.

***I'm a Viking." **

It wasn't enough. A beat passes as he forces himself to repeat the line, louder, shoving himself forwards with touch of anger to make up for his failing appearance if nothing else. He forces himself closer.

***I am a VIKING!" **

Hiccup raises his dagger high above his head, determined to strike the beast down. He closes his eyes so he does not have to see it, which will make it easier...

**So he tells himself. **

He has dreamed of this moment for years! Why is it so hard now? Just do it! No more screw up, no more useless, just strike!

The labored breathing of the dragon breaks his conversation, and he opens one brilliant green eye to meet the others' equally green, cat like ones. They stare at each other, and Hiccup can see the mixture of emotions. In that moment, he feels like the situation is reversed, and he is the one in those bolas...the fear, the defiance, the desire, the sadness...

Finally, the Night Fury closes its eye and lowers its head, resigned to its fate. It lets out a low, pained croon as its head falls to the ground. Hiccup tries to go through with it, holding the dagger aloft... fighting himself...until he finds he just...can't.

He can't kill the dragon. His dream...would just have to stay one. He lowers the dagger in frustration against his head. Then he shifts it to a one handed grip so he can look at it in his hand, then to the dragon.

**HICCUP (CONT'D) (muttered, ashamed): "I did this." **

**He turns to leave. Pauses. And glances back at the dragon, chest heaving. **

**Hiccup GRUMBLES. **

**He checks over his shoulder to ensure that no one is watching... then hurries back to cut the ropes. **

****The Night Fury's eye shoots open. With the dragon watching his every move, Hiccup hurriedly saws through the bola ropes. As the last rope falls free, the Night Fury suddenly POUNCES! ****

****In a blur, the dragon is upon him, pinning Hiccup down, grazing his neck. Looking like it's about to kill him. Hiccup is paralyzed. The dragon's breath ruffles his hair. Hiccup opens his eyes to find the Night Fury's animalistic stare boring into him. The exchange is intense, profound. The dragon draws a deep breath, as though it's about to torch him, then lets out an ear-piercing scream instead. It turns and takes flight, flapping violently through the canopy of trees. It bashes against a nearby mountain side, recovers, and drops out of view some distance away. Winded, Hiccup struggles to his feet, staggers a few steps, collapses to his knees, and faints, a sound like a dying man exiting his chest as all the air leaves him.****

+~~E~~+****

Instead of one lining responding to you guys, I'll answer you all with this:

_I might as well stop beating around the bush with you guys. Yes. One of the reasons I decided to start this story around this time was due to the fact that I estimated by the time I was finished with the first movie's storyline, the second movie's script would be up online for me to use, and it's initial buzz would have mellowed to allow me to figure out what I would be able to do with it. _

What will most likely occur is that I will show "clips" of the second movie, but not the whole thing. However, don't look at this as set in stone, I am still unsure how it will fit in to my own story line...but even as I type this, I'm getting an idea...and I think I like it.

_I did also, and am still; toying with the idea of showing a few "episodes" of "Riders/Defenders of Berk", but I am rather hesitant due to the fact the series doesn't have much continuity with he movies, or the books. _

For example I have heard Hiccup mention twice in the series that Toothless's shot limit is six. Which is utterly impossible. The first time it's lamp-shaded when Toothless fires more than six times, Hiccup blaming this on the fact that Toothless ate an eel and was extremely sick from it. The second time however, Toothless is clearly show by the series to reach a limit after six shots...which defies all logic in the movie. If he had a limit of six, the battle with the Red Death would not even have been able to take place the way it did.

Also, the series seriously screwed with Gobber. =S They make him out to be some affable idiot who smells the worst out of them all and can't figure out how to solve his problems, he's there for comic relief. Gobber has humor yes, but he has a cunning mind of his own, and the movie shows he can use it too.

_Basically put there is a high chance you'll see some other cannon content from the How To Train Your Dragon Universe in here besides the movie. Something like 80/20 for it.

>

As for Hiccup "cheating death" or something like that...just wait and see dears.

_Wait and see... :). _

~C F Winchester.

11. Confrontations

Last chapter had a few typos and misplaced words. Ugh. I want to go back and fix it but it might take a while. =S.

I almost thought I did not get any reviews, but then a few came in. I'm sorry this took a while, but I really only was able to get out a few sentences until the 3rd of June, and even then, most of my time was eaten up by work. So, this is the first time my weekly promise has been broken. Sad. =S.

On the upside; my burn is almost healed.

Also, originally I have planned, as you can see by the prologue's note, this to be a simple little story with a simple storyline and a minimal amount of effort on my part chapter wise, but during this time I have spent waiting for this hand of mine to heal, I have sprouted ideas for this story which hold more of my interest. I look forwards to writing about them to show you guys!

__DreamWorks Animation produced the How to Train Your Dragon movie, it was distributed by Paramount Pictures, and the original story this movie was based on was written by Cressida Cowell.__

Dean DeBlois, Chris Sanders & Will Davies were in charge of screenplay for How To Train Your Dragon. DeBlois and Sanders together wrote and drafted the movie script.

**Warning, this chapter contains:**

**Confrontations.**

**More made up lore.**

**More interpretations of Norse Gods.**

_Just so you know, I lean rather heavily upon the Marvel universe for the Norse god appearances, save for a few exceptions that I consider rather ridiculous. For instance, the Marvel universe's rendition of Thor, while made for the reason of making Thor attractive, doesn't sit right with me. Traditionally Thor is a more powerfully built man with a longer beard, but I don't use the full length here either. Thor traditionally could tie his beard into his belt. I'm not having that here. XD. Odin has a heavy lean on the Marvel Universe's take, but his beard length is retained from tradition. Marvel was pretty solid on Loki, and what it wasn't I'm not willing to change, so Loki is more or less by Marvel's book here. Heimdall is completely Marvel's. I love their rendition of him. It makes him more imposing while not over playing his role. Any other character is a mixture or complete traditional renditions, unless I use another universes

influence._

**Another pending break for Heimdall- **

_It takes an extreme amount of power to keep a portal open for an extended period of time, especially when it's being used to show an event in another time line. Besides the fact that this is a well used mechanism in the land of portals, it's a science I don't have the time to explain, besides, it's convenient for characters to have breaks mid way. Intermissions are very well used in my book.

_

After all, portals are usually only opened for a few seconds. Keeping one open to show a movie comes with it's own logistical problems that I'm not going to address unless asked directly.

~C F Winchester, Finalage.

**Bonds Under Ocean Waves**

**Chapter Nine:**** Confrontations**

The portal dims, and Heimdall allows his weapon to drop. Odin shoos him off with a gesture that brooks no argument, and the god went to take a seat at a table. Odin raises his voice as an Asgardian catches his eye.

"My friends, the hall is open, go where you may eat what you will, for Heimdall too needs nourishment. Last time he refused; this time no! I bid him to eat his fill. The tale can wait, I have business to attend to."

Odin stands and strides off with the warrior in tow, and Heimdall takes a sharp turn away from the table, turning instead to approach Hiccup. Toothless stiffened, but the god didn't appear to be threatening the boy, and in the next moment, something else brooked his attention. Astrid was approaching from the other side, and Hiccup was looking from one to the other like a piece of meat would nervously eye two slices of bread coming from either side...if meat had eyes that is. Toothless swept his tail about the boy protectively, but Camicazi jumped his tail lightly as she stood up. The dragon looked at her questioningly.

"I'll deal with her. I have a feeling this visit is for me."

Toothless gave her a look sweeping from her feet to her head, and it wasn't a very flattering one. She hmphed at him and he adopted the very same face he once showed when Astrid first ran from him in those woods. She screwed up her mouth, but didn't immediately comment. Instead she turned to watch the approaching girl.

"I don't look like much, sure. I'm weedy, she's strong. I'm messy, she's clean cut and straight. She has an axe, and she knows how to use it. I have...well..."

||I think you should probably mention your fists here, not that they will do you much good.

"Oh ha ha. I'm dying of laughter here."

||You're already dead.

"Figure of speech. I've been dead longer than you, I know my rights."

||Should I prepare a funeral march then?

"I'm already dead!"

||_You have your rights._

A smile tugged at her lips, but she didn't comment. Toothless had sass alright. He definitely had sass.

"Just handle golden beetle head over there."

||I intend to. However, if you can, I would like to place an order.

She rose an eyebrow, but the effect was lost since she was still turned away from him.

"An order?"

||Why, yes. I believe I'd like to at least see a black eye.

Camicazi actually did grin this time, and she said rather nonchalantly:

"If it gets violent, I promise you'll see one, just not sure who it's gonna be on; fair?"

||Fair.

Camicazi girt her teeth behind her closed lips and set a brisk pace towards Astrid as Heimdall slowed and stopped outside Toothless's tail range. He growled a low rumble in his throat in annoyance. Wasn't ANYONE going to let him smack them with his tail? He just wanted one scapegoat. Just one. Was that so much to ask?

"Hiccup Haddock."

Hiccup shook his head against his name. Toothless's eyes narrowed, but he alluded no comment to Hiccup's next sentence.

"Please. I'm not...I mean, I am, or I was...but please...not Haddock."

Heimdall, for his part, put his weapon in front of him and rested the point on the ground to lean upon it lightly. He observed Hiccup silently. Hiccup stared back at the gatekeeper of the rainbow bridge impassively. He had more or less been desensitized to the fact these beings were gods. He knew who this was, and respected him, but he felt no more awe, only a mild sadness, more akin to disappointment than anything else. He looked at his gold armor, his helmet, his weapon...finally he rested eye to eye on those oddly glinting near golden piercing eyes. Heimdall did not seem to need to blink. Finally, he pointed to the blade still in Hiccup's hands.

"May I see it?"

Hiccup looked from him to the blade, and back again. A tiny voice inside his head warned him about giving up his only weapon to the other side and leaving himself exposed...then the moment passed and he drew the blade and held it out flat and up for the other to take it. Heimdall made no move to grab it however, but he simply observed it from where he stood. After a while thus, he nodded.

"Thank you."

Hiccup, nonplussed, put the blade back in its sheath and held it in his hands on his lap again. He looked back up at Heimdall.

"You didn't take it."

"No. I, after all, only inquired if I may see it."

That he had. That he had. Hiccup nodded and looked over to where Camicazi and Astrid were now standing about a meter apart. Heimdall brought his attention back to him however.

"That blade you have once held a soul inside."

Niflheim had told him that...but...

"...Once?"

"The soul has long since eaten itself apart. There is nothing left but the power, and a hollow shell full of regret. Regret for what it has done. Sacrificed friends, lovers, the innocent, the pure...all for the sake of a vengeance that never could be held. A vengeance for a father. A father taken by war. The soul went so far as to destroy the very man he sought to avenge, all in the name of damning a god to a mortal's fate. Death. Failure was the only option, but the power gained it nonetheless great. It is not evil, but it can swallow a man of weak stature."

Hiccup, for once in his life, felt his blood and bile rise to the surface of his mouth in such violence that he could taste it. He grit his teeth, but kept his voice calm and pleasant.

"In other words, you're telling me not to use it, or I'll get swallowed up? That I'm too weak to resist its pull?"

Heimdall stood silent for almost a full half minute, and Hiccup was about to take his silence as an affirmative before the god spoke again and surprised him.

"No. Your soul is in no danger of being consumed, not unless you let yourself be claimed. There is more to his stature than the strength of a man's body... However, unless you claim the power inside as your own, it is merely a tool to be taken from you. You do not own that which you hold."

_|| Why does he tell us this...? _

"Why...?"

Heimdall could tell by Hiccup's face what the boy meant. He blinked, then without moving his head, looked about the room.

"For eons past, Utgard and Asgard have fought. The peace of the realms relies on the balance between them, and yes, all nine realms. Your appearance alone has set the other realms scrambling for their own forces. One has already made his move..."

His eyes strayed in the path of Loki, but his head remained stationary. Hiccup didn't move, but noted the direction, and could guess the rest.

"If Utgard falls, the demons she holds so dear will trample unto Midgard, among other realms. Balance must be kept. Even if it means I must arm Utgard, I must be certain the balance is kept. Allow the weapon to show you the way. Dive in and conquer it."

__||I don't trust him; somehow.__

"What if I am consumed by it?"

"Then you will be destroyed in the midst of a hall full of warriors from Vallahalla."

Hiccup shook his head. He heard the unspoken bit that was meant by that sentence. It didn't matter if he won or lost, the balance would still be equalized.

Heimdall turned on his heel like a doll spinning on a pole, and strode away from Hiccup, leaving him sitting there. Balance must be kept? He looked at his sword. Pitch black, darker than Toothless's scales, especially since he shone in the light with a muted reflection. The blade however seemed to absorb the light around it. It was difficult to look at.

__||Hiccup...__

"I don't trust him either Toothless."

__||...but?__

"...But I have to know."

__|| I thought you would say that.__

"I...have to know."

Hiccup stared into the depths of the blade, and felt it respond.

"Show me what you can do."

Hiccup felt a tug, and from somewhere far away, he heard Toothless call for him. He could not hear from where the voice came... and in the next moment; his vision was absorbed by pure darkness, and he knew no more.

~1~

Astrid stood with her feet slightly apart, her trusty axe resting in

a one handed hold at her side. Her face was set, but her mouth was working as if she were chewing something. Camicazi, for her part, had one foot in front of the other, as if ready to spring backwards at any time...which was kind of the point when she thought about it. She was not going to fool herself. If this conversation went badly, and by her sister's face it was already bad before it even began...her only chance of escaping with all limbs intact was to have a head start. She tried to relax her pose, but her desire to be ready got in the way.

"Hello Astrid..."

"Hello."

Simple, terse response. It sounded like she was talking through her teeth. This would not be fun.

"You wanted to see me?"

"Yes."

"Okay...so-"

Without preamble, Astrid began.

"Why, every single time I look over there, are you pawing him, staring at me? What are you trying to prove? Are you TRYING to get my angry?"

Nonplussed, Camicazi took a step back from the outburst. What? Pawing him? She had a hard time gathering the courage to touch his freaking hand because she's always STARING over in their direction and she accuses her of pawing him?

"I hardly touch him-"

For all she said, she might as well have just stayed silent. Astrid continued as if she had not even heard. Her grip on her axe tightened and she lifted it slightly, making Camicazi keep a wary eye on it. Her grip was two handed now, her favorite start point.

" Because I will tell you something sister; it's working. I'm angry. Very."

Taking a step forward, Astrid looked very much the menacing one. Camicazi suddenly noticed that, despite being basically the same height, Astrid had a bit of an advantage. The difference meant Hiccup was a little taller than her, while he and Astrid were about the same height. Here however...Camicazi remembered what Toothless had ordered, and took a quick glance back without moving her head. Hiccup was talking to Heimdall, and Toothless had some of his attention on her. His tail swished lazily.

One black eye coming up...but on who will it be?

She did not take another step back, but her left hand balled into a fist.

"I hardly touch him. Besides, what right do you have to tell me what I do? He's not your yak or sheep or something. He has a will of his

own."

Astrid narrowed her eyes.

"Hardly touch him? Sure. Not him, his hair right? Running your filthy hands through it almost non stop, are you trying to give him a good oiling? You certainly have enough grime on you."

Caicazi's clenched fist shook ever so slightly. Sure, her hair was messy and wild, but it was clean. To insinuate that...

"I asked you...what right you had to tell me what to do, or to condone what is done to him..."

Astrid's eyes might as well have been slits by now.

"Is that what you use to impress him? You try using big words? Think that makes you smart?"

Taken aback, Camicazi almost laughed, but she knew that would be a deadly mistake.

"You didn't answer my question."

"He's always liked me."

"...So you own him because of that? You've never liked him before."

"That's changed."

Camicazi actually did laugh now, but it was forced, and even to her ears it sounded a bit ugly. She stopped rather quickly.

"You like him now because he has Toothless. A force that you can't stop, a force that commands your respect."

"He's good with other dragons."

"Before you knew about Toothless, that was a cause of burning anger and jealousy for you, not a reason for love."

Astrid opened her mouth, but this time it was she who was cut off, on the ropes.

"Oh, why is it HIM, the screw up, who is beating me? It's un-natural. It's not right. Something has to be wrong, someone must be training him, That right to kill the nightmare belongs to ME. MINE, ME, ME I'M THE BEST ONE HERE. STAY OUTTA MY WAY HICCUP."

This time, it was Camicazi who took the step forwards, and Astrid the one who took the step back.

"I am winning this competition. I will not be defeated by a screw up. He's nothing, I am everything. Why does he continue to succeed? He's stealing what's mine. He can't have it. I must always win, everything is MINE!"

They were where they started now, so Camicazi took another step to make the ground hers now. Suddenly the thought to so much selfish

greed from a sister that had taken everything from her and who continually avoided punishment, who had tried her best to take the one shining victory from Hiccup as well due to that sheer greed...she lost herself.

"You've done the same thing to me. You couldn't share before you were born, why would it change now? Huh? It hasn't, that's why. Selfish, ungrateful...stubborn...VIKING!"

Her fist met Astrid's face, and when it did; it certainly didn't stop to say hi.

At least, it didn't say hi in a polite way.

The punch landed square below her eye, and it sent Astrid reeling backwards, for she had not been expecting it. She even almost dropped her axe. It felt extremely good to Camicazi, but the feeling from adrenaline was short lived, to be replaced with horror.

"Oh Odin...Oh Odin...I'm so...so sorry."

She spun around and flew from the confrontation, but she wasn't chased. Instead, her sister stood there, her eye purpling, and her mind broken...but it managed to cobble together one fact as she saw the girl fly by Toothless and out the door.

Camicazi was a coward in her book...but a coward that might just have a point.

Toothless looked from the girl who fled to the one standing there with an axe loosely in her hand. He noted the darkened eye. He turned to look in the direction of the doors, which were wide open from Camicazi's flight.

__||Well, I got a freebie. I'm content with that.__

Toothless looked from the motionless blade that had seemed to swallow up Hiccup whole to the direction Camicazi had gone once more. He kinda missed the warmth of a person up against him, but he could manage. He arranged himself for a nap. It's not like he actually needed to see the movie. He knew what was going to happen anyway...at least up to the point where Hiccup dies.

Which wasn't supposed to happen this time around apparently.

Resigning himself to curiosity, he opened one eye and watched Heimdall eat.

__||Hurry it up Beetle.__

__**+~~E~~+**__

Henry, I think If I saw a Night Fury, I wouldn't be scared even if it was growling warning at me and looking like bloody murder. I'd probably be too busy jumping around like an idiot in happiness, and perhaps being a little too un-cautious in an attempt to get close.

_I love dragons in all their forms, and I adore how different

cultures inspire different writers to continually re-invent it. _

_I notice a lot of you seem very wanting of the; "Hiccup cheats death somehow." Scenario. I wonder...:) _

What indeed...

Would I do?

:)

Damn it. Can't stop grinning now. Next I'll start laughing maniacally at the screen if I keep this up. That would be rather bad. XD. I will say only one thing however.

That which has been lost can always be found again...

Question is...

_In what condition will you find it, if you still desire to look for it?

>

~C F Winchester.

12. Training

Review responses at the bottom, however, one I will answer up here, due to the contents of this chapter.

"_What happened to you?"_

_It's a valid question. None of my stories have seen their updates on the schedule you guys are used to lately, and I'm sorry for that.

_

_I am rarely sick. It's a truth that comes from being sick almost daily when I was little. I suppose being sick so much then built up my immune system a nearly uncanny amount. I'm usually the last to get something and the first to get over it, but I can still get sick like anyone else. _

Now I don't know what I had, because I did not feel well enough to even go to the doctor, and I live alone so...but I would not wish it on anyone. It kept me down for at least four days and it was horrid. I tried to type those days, since I wasn't at work, but the white from the word document stabbed my eyes and gave me headaches no matter how low the brightness was, I could not even watch something on it for more than an hour.

(I don't watch TV much (read: at all.) and watching videos on the computer seemed to be my only form of entertainment to alleviate boredom. I watched anime for the first time in years since I literally could not try to play any games or do anything requiring me to think. (I tried an online game that I consider myself experienced in, it made me sadly dizzy, and I frankly, played like poop. XD)

_T-T. When I went back to work, I had a mountain of stuff there for

me. Sometimes I swear the others are lazy bums. .. I usually have a day off on Wednesdays, which is why I usually update my stories on this day, as I have the most time to polish up the updates and ship them out, but because I was so behind on paperwork, I worked on Wednesday._

_(I don't like to be behind, I'm usually the one who clocks some overtime plus my regular work, so behind behind is kinda an uncomfortable new.) _

__On the upside:__

__- I could not just simply watch something with mindless violence, so I chose an anime about...Puzzles. It sounds hilarious, but I liked it. (In between the headaches from my illness that is...) I got some ideas from watching it too, and I expect they will be fun to use.__

__- My burn is about as healed as I think it's gonna get. I am left with a patch of completely painless if off-color skin. I'm not going to have any more problems there~.__

__- I'm operating at a hundred percent again. (Or as close as I ever get~.)__

DreamWorks Animation produced the How to Train Your Dragon movie, it was distributed by Paramount Pictures, and the original story this movie was based on was written by Cressida Cowell.

Dean DeBlois, Chris Sanders & Will Davies were in charge of screenplay for How To Train Your Dragon. DeBlois and Sanders together wrote and drafted the movie script.

**Warning, this chapter contains:**

**ACTS OF A DEPRAVED MIND**

Bloodshed.

Cackling.

Lots of dark stuff neh?

_**Speechless
Stoic.**_

"_..._"

**Heimdall.**

(Duh.)

**Odin.**

(When did you become Captain Obvious...?)

**An Answered question.**

Oh so NOW you decide to be obtuse.

**Sorry guys, no movie again. Just you and me and...a part of the Grand Canyon...**

Wait...what? What part...?

~C F Winchester, Finalage.

**Bonds Under Ocean Waves**

**Chapter Nine:**** Training**

A vision of a dragon under the water, bound tightly by chains. It's hide is as midnight black as the deeper waters seem to become. Murky and dark, only it's brilliant green eyes can be clearly seen. It struggles against it's bonds...but alone there is no way out...

â€|

A brilliant flash of fairy blue light consumed all vision before it faded away, and only then does one realize their eyes are closed. How can light show so clearly through lids that are shut so tight? Opening them, one discovers they have a name...but it's unfamiliar. They have a body too, also unfamiliar.

Struggling to understand why, some inner flood gate shifts, and under pressure, breaks...

Hiccup grasped an unfamiliar blade, in hands that weren't his. His eyes narrowed against his will. He had no control over this body. He could not flex the armored hands, but he could feel them move as if they were his own. He was a visitor...and an owner.

He caught sight of some silvery hair on the edge of his vision, and knew it was his. He wasn't old; it was this body's natural color. A bugle sounded far off, and his body tensed. He took the time to notice his blade was in his left hand.

A second bugle bid him to free his weapon and run forwards, one of the first in a band of mercenaries to answer the call. His feet propelled him forwards against the opposing force, armored soldiers with horned helmets that covered the face. He felt the arm raise...

...and suddenly he was in control, and he had to duck under a retaliatory slash from his opponent. His body was weak, but it was fast. That was fine by him.

He was used to that kind of build.

He ducked under another slash and parried the next one best he could. His opponent wasn't very good, which was perfect; because Hiccup knew he was probably worse. He couldn't help but grin at the thought, and when suddenly he lost control again...his body performed just as badly as he did on the next set. Yet the clumsy swordsmanship made an opening in his opponent's guard. Together, he and the body plunged their weapon through, and blade grated against armor as their opponent's blade was twisted from his grip to fly away...the scene changed, and suddenly he was in front of a woman pointing a crossbow right at him. His body dodged the first few bolts...

..but Hiccup had to do the rest.

For the first time, Hiccup was aware that this dragon that he was seeing was not Toothless. He had thought it was, as perhaps some bizarre alternate reality, or perhaps even a vision of how Toothless had actually died...alone beneath the ocean waves, bound up tight in the chains his father had put on him...but no.

This bound dragon was not Toothless. It was...

It was him.

As soon as he realized this, his vision shifted, and it was he himself struggling for air, tossing and turning his powerful body in the chains to try and seek purchase against the murky darkness. He tried every conceivable angle but he just wasn't strong enough...

No.

He wasn't powerful enough.

How long had it been? A week? A month? More?

Again Hiccup was the young man with silver hair, and he fought with better skill now, though still mediocre, as he cut down wild wolves on a path to protect his charges. He was stronger now, and out of the corner of his eye, he saw that he had a feather about his neck.

A feather that had a tinge of darkness, as if blood had been splattered across its pure white plumage and then dried before being wiped off. Again Hiccup was left in charge for this mission. He learned how to cut down the wolves so that they couldn't reach him. He grew confident as it ended.

Maybe this had another use...?

Again he was the dragon, and he had no blade to help him here; but...he had knowledge. Instead of mindlessly throwing about his weight, he calmed down and approached the problem differently, forcing his strength against certain bonds, trying to test their strength...directing his flow...some creaked, and wood groaned. He ignored the want for air, it wasn't panic worthy urgent yet...

But it would get there soon.

Wylfred. That was this young man's name. His eyes were harder, his blade less hesitant, but there was something else in his stronger visage. A darkness that clung to him. It wasn't overbearing, but it was enough to make some nervous, wary of him. His eyes were quicker...Hiccup tried to keep up, and barely succeeded.

Barely. He knew now however, that Loki's fist or no...the left hand was just as strong as the right in battle.

Hiccup reared back his paw with the little give he had and struck down upon the weakest point he could find, and broke free of that chain. He worked tirelessly on the next one, but it would not break. He needed a different approach...

The feather was a dark wine red, and Hiccup followed Wylfred as he worked to conquer a weakness in his style of fighting, an open back. He twisted and turned and spun with his blade, using his sheath as much as his blade to thwart invisible enemies, and cut them down. His gaze was crueler, and when he struck out now it wasn't to disarm.

Half a year, it must have been this long...Hiccup watched his psyche deteriorate in a blur...or had he experienced every day as he should have? His existence here seemed timeless.

He aimed to kill...and his mouth twisted into a grim smile every time an imaginary foe met his death by him. Hiccup studied and practiced the style with him...but he felt no joy at cutting down the imagined foes they both saw in minds eye. He saw the necessity, and in that he had hope. As the smile grew wider upon Wylfred, the grim determination in Hiccup grew to match.

Hiccup wasn't a powerful dragon anymore. He was just himself, struggling against dozens of chains dragging at him with invisible fingers of inexorable weight as he struggled. He managed to bring both his hands, free from his previous endeavors, to clasp together and repeatedly bash against a rotting peg loop that held a chain. The pain was nearly intolerable, and he saw blood begin to float up dreamily in the water...but he broke it free and seized it. Using it as a leverage, he began sawing at the other bonds that kept him under the water.

_As a dragon, his needs for air were not urgent. _

_As a human, his waterlogged brain was screaming bloody mercy at him.
_

Under the ocean, with no air...the waves would swallow him.

At least he'd get a viking burial at see this time...

The thought sparked a flame in him, and he realized something that he had, something no big, powerful dragon did.

His skinny, scrawny self, and all the trappings and trimmings of such a shape. Sure, the bonds held tight if he struggled...but again...he was forgetting what he had learned, what he realized as he watched the silver haired Wylfred dance about in battle.

That fighting was just that. A dance. A graceful and ferocious dance of quick moves and planned assault, or strategy and finesse, not blatant mindless banging and yelling. Just twist his foot like so and his shoeless foot could squeeze through an ankle brace.

He smiled.

He smiled. A terrible, grim smile that when the bugle called above the heads of the gathered warriors turned into a death's head grin, complete with a near cackle of delight as his blade flashed out, a silver lance of lightning that took off a man's helmeted head. He didn't let it roll.

His armored boot smashed it into the dirt. A feather on a chain,

almost charcoal black with only the barest hint of the deepest red, flew free about his neck as Wylfred turned and swung with skill and speed befit of his monstrous strength. His thin body was no indication of his power. He struck like a snake with the savagery of a tiger, and the power of a bull in full charge. His companions were almost as cruel as he...but no one.

No one.

Laughed as hard or as gleefully at the death of the enemy, and if his first strike killed them, what did it matter if he performed a few more? They had not hit the ground yet. Overkill was an art, and he the artist. The war was his canvas.

Hiccup reeled away from the man's sickening emotions and observed the field impassively, taking whatever time it was his turn to fight with as much heart as he could. Perhaps the opponent might have thought, had they still existed, that Wylfred was tired with Hiccup took over, and they his glee was tempered into a more sane outlook, though no less relenting.

Hiccup's head broke free of the water with a gasp of what he expected to be fresh air, but instead was thick, oily darkness. He tried to cough it out, but it forced it's way into him, filling him up, trying to over take him. With a retch he tried to concentrate and force it out, but it wasn't working.

Then he remembered, and relaxed. This was a dance...and this was the second symphony. It wasn't physical, he could not cough it out...he focused...and the darkness turned to light. He spat out a mouth full of water, and dragged himself to the shore with slow strokes.

A hand of chains grabbed his foot and drew him back down.

Under the ocean waves.

**+~1~+**

Heimdall finished eating in a trice, though to Toothless it felt like an eternity. Odin had also returned, and he looked smug about something. That look didn't bode too well, it didn't sit right with Toothless at all...much like how Camicazi currently sat.

She had come back not long after she had vanished, her face set and determinedly keeping her eyes firmly away from the direction of Astrid, who was doing the exact opposite and staring daggers at her. The bruise below her eye had flowered beautifully, and in Toothless's opinion it was well payback enough for, at the very least, the pain he had seen her deal to Hiccup. He himself had taken his own revenge, but that was for him, and besides...

The girl hadn't even had the courtesy to fall off. She had hung stubbornly on until she gave a half baked, fearful sorry and a plea to get her off "this thing". The bruise was just compensation. If Camicazi felt it was enough for her too then so be it. He didn't know her pains. He would not ask Hiccup to take compensation...Toothless wagered the equivalent pain needed in his book would probably result in killing the girl, even IF she was already dead.

However, he suspected what probably had the girl's clothes in knots

was not Astrid's eyes, but the absence of Hiccup's.

He had already told her he had gone on a pleasant stroll.

...Into the depths of a weapon from the underworld...

...for a tea party!

..With his deepest and darkest fears and the depraved soul of the one residing in the blade...

...who would probably invite him for a good lunch!

...With Hiccup as the menu.

But it was all in good fun!

...Until he destroyed him and took over his brain.

Odin banging his weapon on the ground broke Toothless from his internal tennis match, and Camicazi snapped up her eyes from the dense blade they had been locked on.

"My friends! It is time for us to continue our show. I now will let Heimdall step forwards and allow you to see the rest of the lesson I am trying to teach! Heimdall!"

The gold clad god stood from his seat and walked forwards to the front, but before he could even reach there, the gates of the hall burst open to reveal the Valkyrie. Lunneth herself swept into the room, and behind her was a armored figure, a menacing helmet upon their head. The visor swept the room as the figure walked forwards, and it paused for a few seconds upon Toothless. The dragon gave the equivalent of a shrug, almost making Camicazi pitch head first to crack her skull on the floor when he leaning wall shifted so roughly.

||Everyone stares at me. You'd think they'd be used to a dragon by now.

Odin however, smiled. He reached out and welcomed the Valkyrie with open arms. Though the reason was morbid, it was always a joy to see family. He smiled knowingly at the figure behind her.

"Ahh yes, here we are, the one I had been hoping for! Though, excuse me for saying, I had not hoped you would die before your time, yet your being here does help to simplify matters."

He turned to address the hall as the figure shook off a cloak and made to remove their helmet. Auburn hair escaped it as it rose. Stoic's eyes bugged out of his head.

"May I introduce someone half of you seem to already know? The one known as Dragon Wife...Valka Haddock."

If eyes could fall out, Stoic's certainly would be rolling. His mouth certainly was wide enough to let in a whole grapefruit at the very least.

Dragon Wife?

Valka?

What?

Dragon Wife?!

...So not only has Hiccup gone mad...so too, had his wife.

**+~~E~~+**

Negima Uzumaki. I can only say that this story is twisted. But it does have a nice ending.

Johnnylee,no. Hiccup won't become a Night Fury in this story. Though I did tease you all in this chapter didn't I? XD (Don't worry, you didn't influence that, I already had that planned, part of the reason this is called Bonds Under Ocean Waves. Yes, this is the question answered, but only in part. The title has other meanings and purposes yet to fulfill.

Curryboh, Pretty confident the scar will fade with time. As for laughter well~ I knew if I started to laugh, it would ruin my moment. I'm more of a sinister smile person. XD.

_Bobmarley! Signed, sealed and delivered, this chapters here for you.

>

~C F Winchester.

13. NOTE

This is not a chapter, it is a notice.

I know I'm late guys. I know. Remember that illness I had? Seems like I wasn't the only one, and guess what? They are still sick, and me, the quick recover; has to deal with their work. =S. This will take a while...

As is, I am about half-way done with the next chapter. Much of any available time was taken up by babysitting. A friend of mine has a fan of HTTYD for a daughter, and well, she has no clue about the series. I tell her over and over about it, but she doesn't take to fantasy. (She's a rather ridged believer in non-fiction.)

Anywho, her child wanted so badly to see HTTYD 2, and her mother didn't have the time, nor the will to watch it with her, so she asked me to do it, as she had been leaning on me to understand the series in the first place. Thus some of my time was taken to see this movie. It's time well spent I think, since I do plan on including the second film in this story, so it wasn't wasting anything, it's research...XD.

I won't spoil it for anyone.

Anywho, yes I'm sorry, I know I was running massively late so I decided to give you all notice. Work and sitting has eaten most of my

time.

Today I have a little time to write this note, I wanted to write for Bonds, but though I did push in a few words, I found that my focus isn't on Bonds atm. My mind is spinning yarn for "Sanity" my Frozen fiction, and thus I can't effectively write for Bonds.

I find it funny that, while I had originally planned for both Bonds and Sanity to be quick in-and-out stories with low effort and base line story in them, I am finding that my mind can never agree with me. It wants to write an epic, and so it spins tales for me to give you all. My first popular story that I finished was started for the sole purpose of re-sharpening my writing skills to take an entrance exam in college. Most people took classes, and I did too...but I remembered I used to write, and decided to polish up to help it.

The classes did nothing for me.

The writing however...got me a nearly 480k story and a passed exam.

Fantasy helped me write non-fiction persuasive.

Ehh.

Bonds was supposed to be no more than 70k~110k at best. It still might be around 110k, but it's looking like it's going to sail over that and run closer to two hundred.

Sanity was supposed to be a paltry twenty thousand or less, but now...I think it too will bear near one hundred.

Sigh This is turning out to be more trouble than I bargained for~.

14. Lessons

__Review Responses on the Bottom.
>Rating Poll is still up.__

__Well. I HOPE this will be the LAST time I have to give you such a delay. I sincerely do. Reason being is because I actually do plan on having a full story launched in this section after this one is done, but ugh. I had panned for this story to be done September. Now it looks more like November-December. =S.__

__I've also decided that I will only show the official storyline of How To Train Your Dragon Animation wise. This means no Defenders or Riders of Berk.__

__But it also means I will say yes to Gift of the Night Fury and Legend of the Bone Knapper references.__

__Give and Take~__

__On the upside that would mean my new story would come out on Christmas. __

â€|

â€|

â€|

__Fudge!__

__My lappy charger is missing! Good thing I have a backup, but it's a very delicate one. I need to find my real one, and fast. (Otherwise I'll have to buy one and I don't fancy doing that.)__

__Found it~. A friend had snatched it to use on a visit and hadn't had the courtesy to remember to return it.__

__Sometimes in this chapter I neglect to use my separator system to bring comments into the movie script. This is usually if only one comment is being made without any real need for setting and exposition. The character interaction is still regular as opposed to bold, so I believe you guys should be okay. __

__**This chapter contains:**__

__**Lots of movie to make up for lost time.**__

__**Length. (Comparatively, and as an apology).**__

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~C F Winchester, Finalage.

**Bonds Under Ocean Waves**

**Chapter Ten: Lessons**

Stoic's eyes continued to bug as he watched his wife cross the room and sit right next to the dragon. The dragon. The whole world had gone mad. He rose and waded his way through viking scrambling to take seats for the rest of the display, his eyes only for the figure of Valka, sitting quite complacently next to Toothless, whose head snaked about to sniff her coat before accepting her. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Stoic and grunted. Valka looked up, curious before looking in the same direction.

|_|Huh...here he comes._

"How did you end up here...you're a long way from home Stoic..."

She smelled rather similar to Hiccup, like fire and wilderness, rough winds and dragon scent. Anyone who could carry dragon scent on them without the accompanying smell of blood and gore with fear and rage...well they obviously were friendly to his kind. Toothless ignored Valka's comment to herself as she watched Stoic approach.

||Just a little closer...a bit more...

Stoic approached Valka, but before he could speak, Toothless's tail had lashed out and bowled him over with a vicious swat and sent the man spinning. Valka turned and looked at Toothless in surprise. She hadn't been paying attention to him...

||What?

"Why?"

||Payback. He killed me and the one I care about. I've been waiting a long while to pay him back some.

She watched impassively as Toothless settled himself down on his haunches and Pulled Camicazi in to his side with a wing. The surprised girl stifled a yelp before being set up next to him in a practiced way that told her that this was usually Hiccup's spot. Stoic jumped back from the swat and dusted himself off.

||Wake me when they get to a good part, I know this part already.

Camicazi rose her eyebrows at that one, and felt comfortable at this point to hazard a light push at his shoulder. He grunted. Another swat of his tail sent Stoic spinning again like a top before his feet left from under him and he fell on his behind. He hadn't seen THAT one coming because he had been still dusting himself off.

"You sure about that? You might miss something."

Grumbling, the dragon arranged himself so that his face was still facing the screen, and he whipped Camicazi a little closer. Valka watched in amusement as Camicazi was shifted about and showed obvious discomfort. Stoic sprang up again into a crouch and eyed Toothless's tail.

||Don't push your luck, I need you for the warmth.

"This is Hiccup's spot isn't it?"

That got Valka's attention. As Stoic was standing and shaking off the hit from Toothless, the gears whirled into place. She pointed to Toothless. Toothless swung his tail out once more and Stoic jumped it, only to have the tail wrap him up instead of try an hit him. Toothless pulled his tail and sent Stoic unraveling to sit down, now officially dizzy from all the spinning.

"You're a friend of Hiccup...who?"

||Horrendous Haddock The Third, like he always says. According to the man over there however, he's no longer a Haddock."

The gears stopped spinning, having clicked into place.

"You're saying my husband killed my son and yourself...So. Hiccup took after me..."

She spun about as Stoic sprang back up from his sit down. He was

still slightly dizzy, so he hadn't been paying attention to the exchange. Instead, he addressed his wife. He only got as far as "Valka" however before a straight punch to the side of his head from said woman knocked him down on the floor again.

||Good shot.

She was about to punch him again when Camicazi managed to grab her wrist. Valka turned to look at her in question. So did Toothless.

"It won't do any good to knock him out. He won't learn anything that way. He needs to see the rest of this...if you knock him out he won't have learned anything by the time he gets up."

||Well, look who wants to prolong his punishment now...I suppose you're right. It WOULD be far more satisfying to watch him learn exactly what he has done, and watch his own guilt crush him. I look forwards to it.

"Err...Not exactly what I was hoping for...I was hoping he'd learn from his mistakes..."

||I like my plan better...

o~||

****INT. STOIC'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS****

****Hiccup enters to see...****

****Stoic, seated on a thick slice of tree-trunk. He is slouched over the fire-pit, stirring the coals with his axe. Embers waft around his beard. Hiccup tries to sneak past, up the stairs to his room. Stoic seems none the wiser, when...****

****Stoic****

*****Hiccup.*****

****Hiccup****

****(CAUGHT)****

*****Dad. Uh...*****

****Stoic stands, takes a deep breath.****

****Hiccup (CONT'D)****

*****I, uh... I have to talk to you, Dad.*****

****Stoic****

*****I need to speak with you too, son.*****

Hiccup and Stoic STRAIGHTEN at the same moment.****

****Hiccup & Stoic at the same time: ****

I've decided I don't want to fight dragons.

I think it's time you learn to fight dragons.

o~||

||Well that is a wonderful example of exemplary communication skills.

Camicazi grinned at that, but made no comment, her eyes were still on the blade. He was missing his own show, Hiccup was.

o~||

(BEAT) (BEAT)

***What?" **

***What?"**

Stoic (CONT'D)

You go first.

Hiccup

No, you go first.

Stoic

Alright. You get your wish. Dragon training. You start in the morning.

Hiccup

(SCRAMBLING)

Oh man, I should've gone first. Uh, 'cause I was thinking, you know we have a surplus of dragon-fighting Vikings, but do we have enough bread-making Vikings, or small home repair vikings-

Stoic

-You'll need this.

Stoic hands Hiccup his axe. Hiccup is weighed down by it for a moment before he adjusts himself.

Hiccup

Dad; I don't want to fight dragons.

o~||

Valka looked sideways at Toothless.

"So he doesn't want to fight them does he?"

||No.

"Because of you?"

||In part, but I honestly think almost any dragon could have replaced me in that situation and he would still have not killed them...even a Terrible Terror.

o~||

****Stoic****

*****Come on. Yes, you do.*****

****Hiccup****

*****Rephrase. Dad I _can't _kill dragons.*****

****Stoic****

*****But you will kill dragons.*****

****Hiccup****

"_No, I'm really very extra sure that I won't.**"_**

****Stoic****

*****It's time Hiccup.*****

****Hiccup****

*****Can you not hear me?*****

o~||

"No."

||Yes, but he won't listen to you.

Since both of them had commented at the same time, girl and dragon looked at one another. Camicazi gave a sheepish grin.

"I'm not going to argue with a dragon. I'll just end up eaten."

||You exaggerate. I would only take a few bites. Maybe a leg or two, but in this case I'll spare you.

"I'm honored."

||You should be.

o~||

****Stoic****

*****This is serious son!*****

****Stoic forces the axe into Hiccup's hands. Its weight drags him down. He looks up to see Stoic under-lit with firelight.****

o~||

"See!? He can't lift an axe, like Gobber said!"

Almost everyone ignored Snotlout on principle by now, so his comment went largely un-noticed. Save for Gobber himself who smacked him upside the head.

o~|

****Stoic (CONT'D)****

*****When you carry this axe... you carry all of us with you.****

||That's quite a burden for such small shoulders.

*****Which means you walk like us." ****

||You mean like hairy overfed penguins?

*****You talk like us." ****

||Debatable.

*****You think like us." ****

||Hardly.

*****No more of..."****

****(GESTURING NON- specifically at Hiccup)****

*****... this."****

****Hiccup****

*****You just gestured to all of me."****

||His face says it all for me.

****Stoic****

*****Deal?"****

****Hiccup****

*****This conversation is feeling very one-sided."****

****Stoic****

*****DEAL?! "****

****Hiccup glances at the axe in his hands. It's a**

no-win**

argument.

Hiccup

(RESIGNED)

Deal.

Satisfied, Stoic grabs his helmet and duffel bag... and heads for the door.

Stoic

Good. Train hard. I'll be back.

Probably.

Hiccup

And I'll be here. Maybe.

Stoic heads out the door, leaving Hiccup holding the axe.

o~||

"Both as stubborn as brass is bold."

Stoic had gotten himself in order by now, and was eying Toothless's tail again, which did him zero good as Toothless snapped open a wing and knocked the ma sideways like a renegade skittle before snatching him with same said tail and reeling him in. He didn't enjoy placing the big man next to him, but he would tolerate it. Camicazi looked over the winded Stoic before giving him a half smile, she tried to stop him from springing up again.

"I think Toothless want's you to see this..."

"The beast can do what it pleases. I have no dealing with dragons and she-devils like yourself."

He stood, but the tail wrapped his feet again and with a flip he was on his behind. Valka observed this impassively, somewhat torn to Stoic's dilemma. She repeated for his benefit once he managed to settle himself into a cautious seat.

"Stubborn as Brass is bold."

Gobber approached carefully, holding his hands up when Toothless turned on him. Toothless narrowed his eyes, but Gobber sat just beyond the range of his tail, so Toothless was again unable to do much. He growled for measure though, but Gobber held his hands up again.

"Easy. I only wanted to talk."

||There is nothing to talk about.

Both Valka and Camicazi repeated the sentence, and Gobber looked from one to the other.

"Oi. Ye mean to tell me you can understand the beast but I can't?"

__||Until you stop thinking of me as a beast, no.__

Valka scoffed at that comment. Like that would ever happen. She had tried for years herself and failed. Cami was kinder and repeated for Gobber as Toothless settled himself to gain a more firm grip on Stoic.

o~||

****EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY****

****Gobber raises a massive iron gate at the entrance of a vast stone arena.****

****GOBBER****

*****Welcome to dragon training!*****

****The recruits file through the gate, and out onto the arena floor. They take it in like gladiators entering the Colosseum. The walls are covered in scorched silhouettes of blasted Vikings. It's a grim yet awe-inspiring place.****

****ASTRID****

*****No turning back.*****

****TUFFNUT****

*****I hope I get some serious burns.*****

****RUFFNUT****

*****I'm hoping for some mauling, like on my shoulder or lower back.*****

****ASTRID****

*****Yeah, it's only fun if you get a scar out of it.*****

****Hiccup (O.S.)****

*****Yeah, no kidding, right? Pain. Love it.*****

****The recruits turn to see Hiccup behind them. Groans all around.****

****TUFFNUT****

*****Oh great. Who let him in?*****

****GOBBER****

Let's get started! The recruit who does best will win the honor of killing his first dragon in front of the entire village.

SNOTLOUT

Hiccup already killed a Night Fury, so does that disqualify him or...?

The recruits LAUGH and chatter in the background.

TUFFNUT

Can I transfer to the class with the cool Vikings?

Gobber throws a supportive arm around Hiccup and ushers him along.

GOBBER

(cheery, in confidence)

Don't worry. You're small and you're weak. That'll make you less of a target. They'll see you as sick or insane and go after the more Viking-like teens instead.

o~||

Seriously, had they all been that bad to him? Astrid watched her own face which had been a study of veiled disgust during that entrance. Hiccup was obviously, as they all knew, not a well liked character at this point in time. He was probably the least liked...period. Astrid looked over to Toothless, Valka and Astrid, with a downed Stoic near them, looking grumpy and unwilling to even be there. Suddenly, her sister pipped up.

"Thanks a lot Gobber!"

Gobber looked around before settling on her, surprised. Her voice lowered, but was still audible...she had lost the burst of confidence; though outwardly the change in tone sounded more like a grumble of indignation.

"Well...someone has to say it...Hiccup isn't here to."

o~||

GOBBER stick him in line with the others and continues on toward five massive reinforced doors. Terrible ROARS and BELLOWS issue from within.

GOBBER (CONT'D)

Behind these doors are just a few of the many species you will learn to fight.

Fishlegs bounces and giggles with excitement, barely able to contain himself.

GOBBER (CONT'D)

The Deadly Nadder.

FISHLEGS

(under his breath)

Speed eight. Armor sixteen.

o~||

"Oh boy here we go."

Gobber buries his face in his hands and doesn't bother with the screen. He can remember what happens here. Vividly. Not only because Hiccup nearly died either. Fishleg's tirade had gotten on his nerves then, and it was getting on his nerves now.

o~||

GOBBER

The Hideous Zippleback.

FISHLEGS

Plus eleven stealth. Times two.

GOBBER

The Monstrous Nightmare.

FISHLEGS

Firepower fifteen.

GOBBER

The Terrible Terror.

FISHLEGS

Attack eight! Venom twelve!

GOBBER

CAN YOU STOP THAT?!

(BEAT)

And...the Gronckle.

FISHLEGS

(quietly; to himself)

Jaw strength, eight.

****Gobber pulls a lever, raising the cross beam on the last of the doors.****

****SNOTLOUT****

*****Whoa, wait! Aren't you gonna teach us first!?"****

****GOBBER****

*****I believe in learning on the job.****

****BAM! A GRONCKLE thunders out of its cave, charging into the ring like an irate rhino. The recruits scramble in every direction. Except for Ruffnut and Tuffnut who rush toward it, like pumped-up rodeo clowns.****

****GOBBER (CONT'D)****

*****Today is about survival. If you get blasted, you're dead. Quick, what's the first thing you're going to need?"****

****Hiccup****

*****A doctor?"****

o~||

||No doubt that would come in handy.

Camicazi nodded absentmindedly to that one, but she had time to mutter as Astrid rolled her eyes at the picture.

"Doctor or perhaps an undertaker."

||Even better!

o~||

****FISHLEGS****

*****Plus five speed?"****

||Where does he plan on getting that?

****ASTRID****

*****A shield.****

****GOBBER****

*****Shields. Go.****

****The recruits scramble for shields, finding them scattered around the ring.****

****GOBBER (CONT'D)****

*****Your most important piece of equipment is your shield. If you must make a choice between a sword or a shield, take the shield.****

****Hiccup STRUGGLES to lift his. Gobber helps him and sends him running.****

****Ruff and Tuff stand amidst a dozen shields. But only one has a skull painted on it. They both grab it.****

****TUFFNUT****

" ****Get your hands off my shield!****"

o~||

"Yeah! Get off my shield!"

Ruffnut, not quite in the mood to maul her brother again, rolls her eyes.

"Oh grow up. There were like a million shields."

"

o~||

****RUFFNUT****

*****There are like a million shields!*****

"Yeah!"

****TUFFNUT****

*****Take that one, it has a flower on it. Girls like flowers.*****

****Ruffnut uses the shield to BASH Tuffnut in the face. He doesn't let go.****

****RUFFNUT****

*****Ooops, now this one has blood on it.*****

****The Gronckle takes aim at the distracted twins. Blam! The shield is blasted out of both of their hands. Tuff and Ruff SPIN like tops and go down.****

****GOBBER****

*****Tuffnut, Ruffnut, you're out!*****

o~||

"That was your fault you know."

Ruffnut didn't argue with him. Instead, she grinned.

"It was fun though."

o~||

TUFFNUT

(DAZED)

" **What?! "**

RUFFNUT

(CONFUSED)

What?!

The Gronckle scoops up a pile of rocks and SWALLOWS them back. The teens gather on the far side of the ring.

GOBBER

Those shields are good for another thing. Noise. Make lots of it to throw off a dragon's aim.

The kids scoop up weapons and begin hammering on their shields. The Gronckle shakes its head at the clatter.

GRONCKLE'S POV - The teens targets become blurry and scrambled. It's working.

GOBBER (CONT'D)

All dragons have a limited number of shots. How many does a Gronckle have?

SNOTLOUT

Five!

FISHLEGS

No, six.

GOBBER

Correct, six. That's one for each of you!

FISHLEGS

" **I really don't think my parents would-***

BAM! Fishlegs has his shield blasted away.

GOBBER

Fishlegs, out.

Gobber spots Hiccup hiding from the Gronckle's molten slugs.

GOBBER (CONT'D)

Hiccup, get in there!

ON ASTRID bouncing on her heels, ready to dodge a blast. Snotlout appears, trying to hit on her.

SNOTLOUT

So anyway I'm moving into my parents' basement. You should come by sometime to work out. You look like you work out-

She cartwheels out of the way, allowing a shot to shoot past her and hit Snotlout's shield. He's blasted onto his back.

GOBBER

Snotlout! You're done!

Astrid ROLLS to a stop beside Hiccup, who stirs awkwardly, trying to look cool.

Hiccup

(VOICE BREAKING)

So, I guess it's just you and me huh?

ASTRID

No. Just you.

Astrid ROLLS away. A split-second later a lava slug knocks Hiccup's shield clear off of his arm. Hiccup is exposed.

GOBBER

One shot left!

Hiccup panics and chases after his shield as it rolls across the ring. The sudden movement sends the Gronckle chasing after him, leaving Astrid in the clear.

o~||

Astrid sighs at Hiccup's attempt to talk. He looks just so...terrible there. Snotlout is one kind of bad, but Hiccup was another entirely. She shakes her head, but behind her, Camicazi has a little knowing smile. She again addresses Gobber.

"Oi! Meathead!"

"WHO YOU CALLIN' A MEATHEAD AGA-Oi, not you again."

"Hiccup should be out right now, you know that? Why did you keep him in?"

Gobber doesn't answer, but Camicazi repeats herself as Hiccup chases after his shield.

"Oi!"

"I don't know yah she-devil! I don't know what made meh do it!"

He looked down at the floor a little uncomfortably. Toothless looks at him questionably, as if trying to figure him out. Camicazi however, already had.

"It was your idea to let him in."

"Aye."

"It was also your hope Hiccup could prove himself and get out of the miserable place he was."

"..."

"Gobber?"

"Aye."

Toothless caught on, and he gave a croon.

||He wanted to give Hiccup that chance...because he so believed Hiccup could do it.

Stoic didn't say a word, but when Camicazi repeated the sentence, he felt like shriveling. He felt worse as the girl drove a nail into his coffin by turning to him.

"Not only did Gobber believe in him more than you did. I think Gobber also cared for him more. You know how to be chief...but you forgot how to be a father."

Odin's beard... that hurt.

o~||

GOBBER (CONT'D)

(WORRIED)

Hiccup!

The Gronckle drives straight toward Hiccup, pinning him against the wall. It opens its mouth and cocks its tail, ready to fire point-blank. Gobber lunges in and hooks the Gronckle's mouth at the last second, causing its head to jerk back and fire against the stone wall above Hiccup's head.

GOBBER (CONT'D)

(rattled, but masking it)

" **And that's six!***

Gobber wrestles the irate Gronckle back into his pen.

GOBBER (CONT'D)

Go back to bed, ya overgrown sausage! You'll get another chance, don't you worry.

****Slam! Lock. Gobber turns to the recruits.****

****GOBBER (CONT'D)****

*****Remember... a dragon will always,****

****(with a stern look to Hiccup)****

*****...always go for the kill.*****

****He hoists Hiccup to his feet and walks off. Hiccup looks overhead to see a steaming pit in the solid stone wall.****

o~||

"Not quite right there..."

Toothless looked to Camicazi in question. She indicated him with a sweep of her eyes.

"You didn't. You could have fried him when he let you go."

|Well, we have minds just like you do. We aren't the animals he's teaching about...Hiccup showed me mercy, something no viking ever did before. In him I saw something I never thought I would see...so I didn't kill him...but I did warn him to leave me be. He didn't listen of course.

"Oh so that's what screeching his ears off meant. Nearly burst his head open you did."

o~||

****EXT. WOODS/HIDDEN COVE - DUSK****

****Hiccup, battered after another disastrous day in the ring. He studies the remnants of the discarded bola... revealing that he's back at the scene of the crime.****

o~||

"aaaand of course the boy goes back. Wonderful."

Camicazi grinned at Gobber's comment.

"Didn't you know he would?"

"A viking doesn't know fear!"

"Aye."

Snotlout was about to be appreciative of his father's input but of all people, it was Stoic, whom Toothless had let breathe a little even if he was still squished to his side; who popped their bubble.

"No. A viking knows fear. He conquers it, but he knows it."

Toothless let him loose just a hair more, but no more.

+~-1-~+

Hiccup stood on a barren wasteland. Armored bodies and discarded swords littered the land in front of him for as far as his eyes could see. The wind rippled through his hair and clothing, and slapped his wet face as a dark and stormy sky roiled on above him. Only Hiccup's face seemed to be wet. The rest of him was as dry as a bone. He took a step forwards and found that he couldn't. His entire body was covered in chains, blacker than even his blade was. He wasn't too bothered by this, he knew the drill by now.

This entire thing was nothing but a test. He had been trained, tested, trained some more, tested again, trained more...until he passed the test and got another one. The dragon struggling in its bonds, the man struggling along with it, in the depths of the water, under the ocean waves...being chained up in another person's body as he watched the man go through a life of war and death, pulling his companions into his darkness to fuel his desire for revenge.

He sought to look for a weak link in the chains. The darkness dredged off them in sheets like falling snow. Darkness, snow...like Berk.

Where winter lasts most of the year...hanging on tight with icy hands that just won't let go, like these chains.

What else hangs on tight? Hatred does, rage...

The chains seemed to shiver and fluctuate.

That was it then huh? So. Hiccup sighed, and wracked his brains. Memories of himself as a baby wouldn't help him here. He needed something...more powerful. Toothless. That seemed to be his draw for everything...something told him his friendship with Toothless wasn't going to be enough for this...

His infatuation for Astrid? No. Not enough. His nonexistent friendships? No.

He needed something like love, care, genuine concern.. but Astrid liked him now!

Liked.

Not loved. Not for himself.

His conscious laughed at him.

She liked him for his ability, for "taming" Toothless. Who loved him for himself?

Unexpectedly, an image of Gobber and the girl he had just met not even two days ago, rose to mind. Gobber was a gruff man who was his fathers best friend, but who had opened his forge and home to Hiccup, accepting him for who he was.

Sure he was the source of much embarrassment, or uncomfortable truths

and biting, sometimes disgusting humor...but that in a way was like that weird uncle you always have. The one you love but wish was more...cool.

Yet he's your best friend and you can tell him anything, and expect him to listen. Listen...and understand.

Understand...like the girl who had lived her entire life in Niflheim for simply not being the strong one. The one who thought before she spoke, who analyzed quietly but who stood when she needed to. A friendly, patient face who was innocent and not so...

A friend who clicks with you the moment you see them. The kind of person you are too young to appreciate in a different light just yet, or maybe because your eyes are glued somewhere else...and the one who is willing to wait until you do.

Gobber was his source of inspiration, where his love of smithing came from. Where all of his inventions came from. Gobber was that uncle, that love. Cami was a friend, a friend who didn't care if he had Toothless or not...

The ability to see past Toothless to the support he had otherwise...

"Finally. I was wondering when you would stop showing me that dragon as your answer to every problem I gave you."

Hiccup was free. He stood in front of the man he had been, who he had seen through his own eyes as he sacrificed soul after soul to contribute to the deterioration of his own. He stood in front of Wylfred, his long, locked silver hair lightly floating about in the wind. He was fully armored and sported the same black blade that had started this mess. He held it casually in one hand.

"Hiccup. Such a joy to finally meet you."

Hiccup crossed his arms and observed the man he knew almost everything about, having lived through his eyes. He suddenly realized that he could not honestly return the greeting.

"I'm sorry to say I can't say likewise."

Wylfred grinned.

"I thought you were no longer a whole soul. That you were nothing but power, soul long since destroyed."

"True. I am nothing but an echo...but an echo can still speak what the voice has said...and an echo can still move a continent, a tribe...or a single soul."

Hiccup narrowed his eyes.

"...and you plan to move mine."

Wylfred nodded, then he gave a half smile with some dark humor thrown in. A spark of insanity danced there in his eyes.

"I had hoped to soften you up before I tried to move you and control

you...but it seems my approach hasn't worked as well as I hoped...you even managed to heal instead of deteriorate."

"Excuse me?"

Wlyfred traced an armored finger across his neck, and Hiccup felt his throat thoughtfully. His whole, untarnished throat, a full neck attaching his head firmly to his shoulders. He suddenly remembered Heimdall's assurance that as long as Hiccup kept his wits about himself, the darkness would not be able to consume him.

"You can't consume me."

"Yes. I know...but I can't just simply let you own all of me either."

Hiccup sighed.

"What do you want?"

Wlyfred pointed to the ground. There in front of Hiccup was another blade of darkness.

"To test you again of course. Often you emphasize your brain. So tell me Hiccup...will you use my own moves against me? Do you think you can win that way?"

Hiccup gripped the blade and pulled it upwards as the other let loose a battle cry and charged.

+~-2-~+

Back in Asgard~

Hiccup

(MUTTERED)

So...why didn't you?

He drops the bola and presses on in the direction it flew off. He drops into a rocky crevice and follows it to an...ISOLATED COVE complete with a pristine spring pool. He scans the high stone walls... then notices a single black SCALE on the ground. He crouches and picks it up, studying it.

Hiccup (CONT'D)

Well this was stupid.

SUDDENLY, the NIGHT FURY blasts past him. Hiccup recoils, watching the massive beast struggle to climb the walls. It flaps violently, then peels away to a rough landing. The dragon is trapped. Hiccup grins, excited to see it again, and slips closer. He watches as the dragon, exhausted and frustrated, leaps into the air, beating its wings furiously. Again and again, it rolls uncontrolled and CRASHES heavily. As if remembering to snap a photo, Hiccup pulls a leather-bound book and flips past drawings of weapons to a blank page. He sketches the dragon quickly, desperate to record the image.

o~||

"Wait...Useless can draw?"

Tuffnut and Ruffnut shrug, looking at each other.

"Never knew."

"No clue."

Snotlout seemed to think about it before denouncing the skill.

"Ahh it's still useless. What good is being able to draw? It serves no purpose. Anything to do with writing is useless. Vikings don't need to draw and write."

Astrid furrowed her brows, not exactly sure about that one, as she had read books that would be impossible without the skill, but she wasn't going to defend the skill yet when Snotlout had a fairly valid point, being that Vikings rarely used the skill and reading was more luxury than use...

"Stupid. What about books?"

Of course, it was Cami who had to pick up for them.

"Why read when you can just go and do it?"

Camicazi smirked some.

"I look forwards to seeing how well you do in your class with that attitude."

"Ha! I'm the best in the village!"

Even Tuffnut knew that was wrong. Fishlegs opened his mouth, but Tuff beat him to it.

"Wait...what? Didn't Hiccup beat you in the ring?"

"Ugh, Just shut up! He cheated! He tricked us! He wasn't beating anything!"

o~||

****The Fury claws at the steep rock walls, trying climb out of the cove. It SLIPS and falls hard, crushing several saplings. The Fury rolls back to his feet and slowly crawls to the water's edge. He spots fish in the shallow water and snaps at them... but comes up empty. He lowers his head, looking weakened.****

****Hiccup (CONT'D)****

****(MUTTERED)****

*****Why don't you just...fly away?*****

****ON Hiccup as he spots the problem. He adjusts his drawing, carefully erasing one half of the dragon's tail. He accidentally**

drops the charcoal stick. It rolls off of the rock outcropping that hides him from view and bounces into the cove. **

TINK. TINK. TINK.

The Night Fury raises his head, spotting Hiccup. They exchange a profound, unflinching stare.

o~||

"Excuse me for saying so, but it reeeeeallly looks like you want to eat him at that moment."

||Well I **was** rather hungry, but that hunger wasn't directed at him. I was more...angry, and curious. I thought he had come to mock me.

"Hiccup? Mock you? He could hardly stand up straight when you roared at him."

||Well I hadn't stuck around to see that part.

o~||

INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT

A storm is brewing outside. The great doors rattle on their hinges.

GOBBER (O.S.)

"**Alright. Where did Astrid go wrong in the ring today?**"

o~||

Tuffnut, Ruffnut and Snotlout smirk, remembering this particular event, and Fishlegs makes a face at it too. No one listened to him, and he hadn't even been able to defend books just now either.

But honestly he felt that if he did, they'd look at him as the next Hiccup.

And he couldn't have that.

o~||

The recruits are seated at a table, eating dinner by the glow of the fire pit.

ASTRID

"**I mistimed my summersault dive. It was sloppy. It threw off my reverse tumble.**"

Eye rolls from the group. (In both movie and Asgard.)

RUFFNUT

(SARCASTIC)

" **Yeah. We noticed.**"

SNOTLOUT

(grabbing Astrid's hand)

***No, no, you were great. That was so
'Astrid'.***

GOBBER

She's right, you have to be tough on yourselves.

**CREAK. All eyes turn to Hiccup, entering the hall, sheepishly.
Gobber glares at him.**

GOBBER (CONT'D)

(glaring at Hiccup)

Where did Hiccup go wrong?

He tries to take a seat at the table...

RUFFNUT

He showed up.

Ouch. Even Ruff herself felt the burn off that
one.

TUFFNUT

He didn't get eaten.

o~||

"Huh, and you guys wonder why he "betrayed" you all. He's better than
me. I would have left you all to rot."

o~||

***... but the recruits keep closing the gaps. Rolling his eyes,
Hiccup sits at the vacant table next to them.**

ASTRID

He's never where he should be.

GOBBER

" **Thank you, Astrid.**"

Gobber stands.

GOBBER (CONT'D)

You need to live and breathe this stuff.

****Gobber lays a giant book in the center of the table.****

(Obvious discrepancy between script and movie here. I'd call that book thin, or just simply book if I'm feeling generous...but giant? Maybe I read too much.)

****GOBBER (CONT'D)****

****{The dragon manual. Everything we know about every dragon we know of.****

****A RUMBLE of thunder shakes the hall. Rain pours down outside.****

****GOBBER (CONT'D)****

*****No attacks tonight. Study up.*****

****Gobber EXITS into the storm, leaving the teens staring at the book.****

****TUFFNUT****

****(you've got to be kidding)****

*****Wait, you mean read?*****

****RUFFNUT****

*****While we're still alive?*****

****SNOTLOUT****

*****Why read words when you can just kill the stuff the words tell you stuff about?*****

"Yeah! That's my point right there! Reading is useless, writing is useless!"

****FISHLEGS****

*****Oh! I've read it like, seven times. There's this water dragon that sprays boiling water at your face. And there's this other one that buries itself for like a week...*****

****The teens stare as Fishlegs goes on too long.****

****TUFFNUT****

*****Yeah, that sounds great. There was a chance I was going to read that...*****

****RUFFNUT****

*****...but now...*****

****Snotlout gets up to go.****

****SNOTLOUT****

*****You guys read, I'll go kill stuff.*****

****The others follow, with Fishlegs in tow.****

****FISHLEGS****

*****Oh and there's this other one that has these spines that look like trees...*****

****Astrid is the last to go.****

****Hiccup****

*****So I guess we'll share-*****

****ASTRID****

*****Read it.*****

o~||

Astrid turns to see how this scene plays with Camicazi, but Cami makes no comment or indication it effects her. Point to Cami. Astrid swallows. Okay; maybe she could have been a tad bit kinder...

o~||

****She pushes it toward him and leaves.****

****Hiccup****

*****All mine then. Wow, so okay. I'll see you-*****

****Slam.****

****Hiccup (CONT'D)****

*****Tomorrow.*****

o~||

"Yeah and you really want to tell me you paid attention to him before he started beating you in the ring."

Astrid whipped around, prepared to argue her case, but Camicazi had pointedly turned her face back the screen, and Astrid wasn't sure enough in herself to get up and go to the girl to argue the point.

o~||

****SIGH.****

****DISSOLVE TO:****

****INT. GREAT HALL - LATE NIGHT****

ON Hiccup's HAND OPENING the massive **(Debatable) book. Thunder BOOMS outside. The hall is vacant and dark, but for the few candles he's pulled together. Hiccup pours through page after page of strange and frightening dragons.**

Hiccup (V.O.)

Dragon classifications. Strike class. Fear class. Mystery class.

o~||

||Huh...classifying us. A skill that needs the ability to draw and write, correct?"

"Right."

o~||

Hiccup turns the page.

Hiccup (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Thunderdrum. This reclusive dragon inhabits sea caves and dark tide pools.

Hiccup (V.O.) (CONT'D)

When startled, the Thunderdrum produces a concussive sound that can kill a man at close range. Extremely dangerous. Kill on sight.

||If you can.

Hiccup's eyes drift to a lurid illustration of decapitated Vikings. Another page, another dragon.

Hiccup (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Timberjack. This gigantic creature has razor sharp wings that can slice through full grown trees...extremely dangerous. Kill on sight.

The illustrations seem to take on a life of their own, shifting and squirming in the candlelight.

Hiccup (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Scauldron. Sprays scalding water at its victim. Extremely dangerous.

o~||

|_Kill on sight right? Is this going to be the warning on every single one? I am certain we appreciate your attitude. After all, we reflect it. Vikings. Somewhat dangerous in numbers. Kill on sight._

"Don't get cocky mister. A buncha vikings is what got you killed."

Toothless lightly smacked her head with his tail.

||Fair enough. Moderately dangerous.

o~||

The storm outside rages against the shuttered windows. Hiccup is startled, but presses on.

Hiccup (CONT'D)

Changewing. Even newly hatched dragons can spray acid. Kill on sight.

He begins flipping through the pages. A blur of dragons...

Hiccup (CONT'D)

Gronckle. Zippleback. The Skrill. Bone Knapper. Whispering Death. Burns its victims. Buries its victims. Chokes its victims. Turns its victims inside-out. Extremely dangerous. Extremely dangerous. Kill on sight. Kill on sight. Kill on sight...

Hiccup finally lands upon the page he's been looking for.

Hiccup (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Night Fury.

||You rang?

It's BLANK - no image, save for a few, sparse details.

||Nothing on me huh.

Hiccup (CONT'D)

Speed unknown. Size unknown. The unholy offspring of lightning and death itself.

o~||

"Very flattering."

||Why thank you.

Gobber looks over the dragon in front of him, trying to put him in the category of what the legends said. He couldn't see it. He dare not say it though...just in case. He looked at Stoic, to the dragon's side.

Any dragon that could whip Stoic the Vast was one worth fearing.

o~||

****Hiccup (CONT'D)****

*****Never engage this dragon. Your only chance, hide and pray it does not find you.*****

****Hiccup pulls his sketchbook out of his vest and opens it to his drawing of Toothless. He lays it over the book's blank page and considers it.****

****CLOSE ON the drawing of Toothless...****

|So now it begins. Now I have a face to my name.

**+~-E-~+**

Glad I'm at least funny johnny.

Foxlight, I'm sorry to give you such a long in coming response, and no I have no heard form you earlier, welcome! I plan to keep writing, even when I get set back like this.

Guest turned curryboh, I am going to assume you meant when the struggling dragon was under the water? No that was Hiccup. As for the cool scar...ehh It's a scar, not sure bout cool. XD. It reminds me of...a pen. It has a point and a widening length very much like a pen does, and when you add the fact that it's branded on my dominant hand for writing and it resonates as a pen. The skin feels different on it even healed. Things get a kind of extra sensory feel about them while held. It's a jarring experience, but an interesting one.

_As for not updating...he he...this shall end it!
(Hopefully.)_

Henry, I plan on giving Stoic a lot of grief. Very soon.

Darkpelt, you are right. However, this is not my first time to "The rodeo". I've been a registered writer for over eight years here, though much of my earlier stories were removed for the sole reason that I was silly enough not to put them in a recycle story like I do now, and I wished to get rid of them...

~C F Winchester.

15. Learning

__Review Responses on the Bottom.
>Rating Poll is still up.__

__This chapter has book end author notes.__

__I. HATE. SUMMER. __

__I'm finding more and more discrepancy from the movie and the script the further I go into it. It just shows how much was cut out and changed. Oh well, more work for me. Some of it I fix, the rest I have chars comment on.__

__Now I'll tell you something interesting. My original goal for this story, being the one movie plus the second, detailed me being about half done with the first movie by the end of July. Now, actually speaking, the movie is about 88 minutes long not including the ending credits. (This is an approximation, it's a little bit longer than that.)__

__The 44 minute mark is Hiccup's first flight. I can actually stay on schedule then if I don't mess up any of these weeks and try for it. If I had continued without the interruptions, I would have been way ahead schedule and would have had the time for the extras I now plan comfortably. Now I need to rush it to make up lost time for the new time sheet, but more or less on target for my old one.____ *Sigh*
__

__I usually have a twenty step "transcript" for this story. Yes. Twenty steps. No other story I write has such a process, because no other story uses script from an already established source.__

__Step one requires me to write down my responses to reviews, and clean out the top author notes.__

__Step two requires me to look at the script and decide exactly how much to use, and isolate that.__

__Step three is organization. I need to add spacing, quotations, edit where needed scene wise, etc.__

__Step four, I figure where I will place my own storyline, and add number separators for this purpose.__

__Step five is where I add the scene separators for commentary in the movie.__

__Step six is a quick format check. Did I mess up something while doing this? XD__

__Step seven is to write the commentary.__

__Step eight is to add my own story.__

__Step nine is spell/grammar checking, a quick one.__

__Step ten is a length check. (Almost always, the chapter isn't long enough, so I never skip the rest.)__

__Step eleven is to add more script, and to add author notes.__

__Step twelve, add commentary and I check for typos this time. (A lot of my typos are not caught by SC.)__

__Step thirteen, check coherence. Scenes have to flow. I edit if it does not.__

__Step fourteen, check what I call "clip worth". Does it start and end well to be called a chapter?__

__Step fifteen is my spot read over.__

__Step sixteen, I upload it and use fan-fiction's checks. I save the chapter on FF.__

__Step seventeen, I look back over the chapter, saving the chapter removes formatting I have to replace.__

__Step eighteen, add it to Bonds, name the chapter.__

__Step nineteen-Check on FF. I usually find mistakes here even will all my checks.__

__Step twenty- Add signatures. My signature usually means I accept the chapter.__

__Last chapter I skipped steps six,thirteen, seventeen and nineteen. I did step ten like three times though. XS. __

__**This chapter contains:**__

__**Length. - Again. This is why I am a bit late.**__

__**Animal abuse.**__

DreamWorks Animation produced the How to Train Your Dragon movie, it was distributed by Paramount Pictures, and the original story this movie was based on was written by Cressida Cowell.

Dean DeBlois, Chris Sanders & Will Davies were in charge of screenplay for How To Train Your Dragon. DeBlois and Sanders together wrote and drafted the movie script.

~C F Winchester, Finalage.

**Bonds Under Ocean Waves**

**Chapter Eleven:**** Learning**

Hiccup watched his foe charge in, and his eyes swept his entire stance. He knew this man's every move and style. He knew how deadly he could be, however, he also knew...

Hiccup side stepped the man's charge and ducked under his blade just in time to stab out his own. It scraped off his armor with a horrendous grinding that made Hiccup grit his teeth, and the other smile as he turned and slashed neck level in a fluid motion. Hiccup backpedaled to avoid it and managed to keep his head.

After all, he had just gotten it back. He wasn't going to lose it again so easily. Wlyfred grinned and tapped his blade knowingly.

"Yes; you know my moves, but knowledge will do you no good if you don't have the power to counter me. You are simply a duck sitting on the land."

Wlyfred slashed again, and Hiccup jumped backwards. Another slash was ducked under, and a third was jumped over when Wly aimed for the legs. Hiccup stood ready, and when Wlyfred charged again, Hiccup dived to the side and rolled, coming up to leg sweep him.

He missed.

His legs were not as long as Wlyfred's and he had underestimated the distance...in other words...he was used to having longer limbs. Wlyfred grit his teeth and rushed Hiccup while he was down, but Hiccup again avoided being skewered by rolling tot he side and this time kicking Wly in the legs; behind the knees.

"A duck on land can still jump and fly."

"Then let me cut off its wings!"

Wyl lurched forwards after spinning around, and Hiccup saw a chance. Kicking him again, this time right on the knee caps, Wlyfred buckled and fell forwards, right into Hiccup...and his waiting sword.

Momentum and gravity did what Hiccup's strength could not, and the blade cleaved through the armor and into the other man

He broke apart like ice scattering after smashing on the ground, turning into dark chunks of matter that floated upwards, shedding darkness as they faded away. Hiccup sighed. The landscape had changed again.

He was underwater again. However, he could breathe. His sudden aquatic capabilities aside however, it was dark and murky. He could hardly see his hand if he put it in front his face for all the muck around him.

He barely had the sense to duck as his eyes registered a suddenly bright silver patch of light coming at him. The blade passed centimeters from the top of his head, and he was certain a few hairs parted company with him.

"Not how I wanted a haircut!"

"Just a little bit off the top, like that hole you call a mouth for instance, below that will be perfect!"

Hiccup ducked another slash and stabbed out blindly. Something screeched.

...and once more Hiccup could not breathe, and was struggling with lungs full of dark, murky water.

+~-1-~+

In Asgard, the movie is still in full force~.

****MATCH CUT TO:****

****EXT. HIGH SEAS - DAWN****

****A painted DRAGON, with a sword run through it. It's the billowing sail of Stoic's ship. Stoic hovers over the familiar nautical map - his eyes on the uncharted corner, swirling in mist and illustrations of dragons.****

****Stoic****

I can almost smell them. They're close. Steady.

Stoic raises his gaze to...

AN EPIC FOG BANK, towering from sky to sea like a bruised, daunting curtain, beyond which nothing is visible. The three ships drift alongside it, skirting its solid edge, looking for an opening.

o~||

||Steady to your deaths men. Steady.

"Oh come on Stoic. It's like a giant hand sign drawn by the devils saying "Yee death awaits here." I didn't bother with it when we went together, but seeing it on screen. Aye, I don't think meh un-

Camicazi chose that moment to sneeze extremely loudly. Gobber stopped mid sentence and looked to her. She gave him a sheepish look.

"You did t'at on purpose."

Stoic hid his smile in his beard, silently relieved for the interruption, but Gobber knew the man too well.

"I'm not done with ye!"

"Oh pipe down Gobber. The scene is still playing."

Gobber turned to look to Valka after this comment. She said no more, and he grunted once before looking back at the front too.

o~||

ON DECK the crewmen mill nervously, all too aware of what Stoic is considering.

Stoic (CONT'D)

Take us in.

o~||

"Stubborn ox."

Despite himself, Stoic's grin stayed at that mutter from Valka.

||I don't think that was meant as a compliment...

o~||

The helmsman steers Stoic's ship into the fog. The men draw their weapons, prepping for the worst.

VIKING

Hard to port... for Helheim's gate.

The first ship disappears into the whiteout, followed by the other two.

Suddenly a flash of light. A silhouette of a dragon. Hollers. Sounds of splitting and shattering wood. Plunges into the water. Another bright flash.

o~||

||Having a bit of trouble?

"Understatement."

Toothless smacked Cami upside the head with his tail.

|_|Vikings._

"Hmm, you're right. They won't admit it was more than bit of trouble would they?"

o~||

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - RING - DAY

**CLOSE ON a DRAGON painted onto a shield. **

Hiccup

You know, I just happened to notice the book had nothing on Night Furies. Is there another book? Or a sequel? Maybe a little Night Fury pamphlet?

KABLAM! A blast takes the axe head off of Hiccup's hilt, leaving a smoking hole behind him. Hiccup YELPS and RUNS.

GOBBER (O.S.)

FOCUS Hiccup! You're not even trying!

CUT BACK to reveal a Deadly Nadder, loose in a maze-like arrangement of moveable walls. Gobber calls orders from above.

GOBBER (CONT'D)

Today... is all about ATTACK!

The Nadder hops from wall to wall, sending the recruits scurrying.

GOBBER (CONT'D)

Nadders are quick and light on their feet. Your job is to be quicker and lighter.

**The teens move in, stumbling over Hiccup and his unwieldy shield. The Nadder spots Fishlegs' ample rear hiding behind a wall. It whips

its tail of spikes. Fishlegs SCREAMS and lifts an entire wall to shield himself from the spray.**

o~||

Snotlout burst out laughing at the sound that exited Fishleg's mouth, and Fishlegs broke out in anger at the sight.

"Uhh what?! I don't remember doing that! I used my shield! AND I don't scream! I just yelled!

o~||

FISHLEGS

I'm really beginning to question your teaching methods!

GOBBER

Look for its blind spot. Every dragon has one. Find it, hide in it, and strike.

Ruff and Tuff rush in, diving and rolling up to the Nadder's nose. The Nadder sniffs the air - it can't see them. Tuff and Ruff are smashed together - too close for comfort.

RUFFNUT

(WHISPERED)

Do you ever bathe?

o~||

"I'm a viking! We don't need to bathe!"

Ruffnut rolled her eyes at that one.

"Ugh."

Tuffnut however, had a comeback.

"What? Why do you rub oil in your hair then? Huh? Huh? So it looks unwashed, duh."

He pushed her off her seat and made a pose.

"Vikin-"

He didn't get to finish, Ruffnut had jumped up and crashed against him with a flying tackle that sent them both rolling along the floor, ignored.

o~||

TUFFNUT

***If you don't like it, then just get your own blind

spot."**

RUFFNUT

How about I give you one!

Ruff and Tuff SHOVE each other, till their movement and noise gives them away. The Nadder ATTACKS, SNAPPING at both of them.

GOBBER

Blind spot? Yes. Deaf spot? Not so much.

Hiccup wanders up to Gobber, while the others dart past.

Hiccup

Hey, so how would one sneak up on a Night Fury?

GOBBER

None one's ever met one and lived to tell the tale. Now get in there!

Hiccup

I know, I know, but hypothetically...

o~||

"Not even sure he knows what that word means Hiccup."

Gobber took offense to that, and glared at the girl.

"For your information missy, I know exactly what that word means. Hiccup isn't the only one who reads. We are not dumb brutes who go about destroying anything that doesn't agree with us-"

He was met with the blank faces of Valka, Camicazi and, surprisingly, for him at least, Toothless, the dragon's face was particularly expressive. Gobber swallowed the rest of his tirade.

"Righ'...I'll just shut up now."

o~||

ASTRID

(WHISPERED)

Hiccup!

**She puts her finger to her lips and gestures for him to hide. The Nadder is stalking the nearby passageway. Astrid somersaults through it's blind spot. Snotlout follows suit. Hiccup attempts to do the same...and fails. The Nadder snaps at him and barely

misses.**

o~||

Astrid groans at the memory of this act, face palming to see it again...and Snotlout rolls his eyes.

"Village screw up does it again!"
>o~||<p>

A moment later, the Nadder leaps over the walls, surprising them by landing in front of them. Astrid somersaults into its blind spot, confusing it. She rears back to strike - just as Snotlout LEAPS IN, protectively SWEEPING Astrid behind him.

SNOTLOUT

Watch out babe. I'll take care of this.

ASTRID

Hey!

Snotlout MISSES. Astrid glares at him, and even the Nadder seems to laugh at him for the epic miss.

SNOTLOUT

(DEFENSIVE)

The sun was in my eyes, Astrid. What do you want me to do, block out the sun? I could do that, but I don't have time right now!

o~||

Valka rose an eyebrow to this one.

"He can block out the sun?"

||With his ego he probably could. How he manages to fit through doors is a mystery to me.

Astrid, over at her table, simply repeated the same action she had just done for Hiccup. Were ALL the boys in her village useless? She groaned.

"Technically there was no sun on that day Snotlout. It was cloudy."

Snotlout looked at Fishlegs.

"Shut up."

o~||

**The Nadder tears off after her, knocking down walls in pursuit. She leaps and dives like a highly trained gymnast. Hiccup wanders up to

Gobber again.**

o~||

"Oh god he doesn't give up!"

Snotlout again pointed at Hiccup.

"What does he want with this Nightfury info anyway?!"

Almost every person in the hall turns to look at him as if he were stupid...which he probably was.

Astrid rolled her eyes.

"Have you even been watching this? He has the thing trapped in the cove and you want to know why he wants to be able to sneak up on it?"

Snotlout doesn't back down however.

"If he were a true viking he wouldn't have to! He could just go and kill it!"

o~||

Hiccup

***They probably take the daytime off. You know, like a cat. Has anyone**

**ever seen one
napping?***

GOBBER

Hiccup!

ASTRID

- Hiccup!

Hiccup spins around to see the maze walls collapsing like dominoes toward him. Astrid comes flying through the dust and crash-lands on top of him, laying him out in a limb-tangled mess.

TUFFNUT

Oooh! Love on the battlefield!

RUFFNUT

She could do better.

o~||

"Not in that village she can't!"

Cami smiles as a few heads turn her way.

"She's got a big dumb idiot, she's got a smelly troll even more dumb idiot, a big mountain nervous wreck who hides the fact he's not an idiot by acting like one and Hiccup, who doesn't hide at all but just lets it all show. You choose."

"The village screw up? Seriously?"

It was Valka who answered Snotlout this time.

"He's a teenager. He's awkward. Stoic was the same. Yet I don't see anyone insulting him. Perhaps he's forgotten."

Stoic, so addressed looked at her. Gobber was the one to come with his special brand of defense.

"Now see here Stoic and I got into our share of trouble in the past, and yes we were awkward-"

"Gobber."

"And yes we got into messes that made the adults shake their heads and we've tossed about sheep into the rivers to see if they float and-"

"Gobber!"

"And yes Stoic might have been a wee bit tapped in the head, but we all were anyway, like the time we all had too much wine when we were first allowed and climbed the mountain drunk and with not a lick-"

"GOBBER!"

Gobber finally paid attention to Stoic with a grin. He continued anyway.

"But he was never as bad as Hiccup was. You don't understand how is Valka. He's a kind boy and he tries but he does it all wrong, and Stoic is a single father who doesn't understand his ways and they are both just so-"

"Alike."

Gobber, who had needed Stoic to nearly yell his lungs out to smack against the hall ceiling to stop, paused for Valka's soft spoken interruption.

"They are alike."

o~||

The Nadder closes in, emerging through the cloud of dust.

Hiccup

(struggling to untangle)

***Just... let me... why don't you..."

>

****The Nadder spins around and races back toward them like a Raptor.****

****Astrid untangles herself and tries to pull her axe from Hiccup's shield... which is attached to his limp, gangly arm. She PLANTS her foot on his torso and face and YANKS the axe free, still burrowed into the shield.****

****She SPINS and SWINGS the axe and shield, scoring a DIRECT HIT on the oncoming Nadder's NOSE. It yelps and scurries off.****

****GOBBER****

*****Well done, Astrid.*****

****Gobber hobbles off to wrestle the Nadder back into his cave.****

****Hiccup lays there - all eyes are upon him. He turns to find Astrid glaring at him, winded. She shoves the axe with a piece of shield still burrowed into it in his face.****

****ASTRID****

*****Is this some kind of a joke to you? Our parents' war is about to become ours. Figure out which side you're on.*****

****She grabs her axe and stomps off. Hiccup watches, stung.****

o~||

"There doesn't even need to be a war if you had just listened to me..."

No one heard Valka, except for Toothless, who only spared a low croon.

She looked up at him with some gratitude, and touched one of his spines, examining him.

"You and he...are the same age."

||Are we?

o~||

****CUT TO:****

****EXT. COVE - MAGIC HOUR****

****CLOSE ON****

****A shield. Approaching between two boulders. A fish... being thrown into the cove. It hits the ground and slides. A moment later, Hiccup peeks through a gap in the rocks, looking around cautiously. Nothing... He tries to take his shield with him, but it's**

stuck.**

o~||

_||You have no idea how much fun I have had with that shield since.
It has made some great target practice._

o~||

**He leaves it where it is and ducks under it. Picking up his fish,
he walks in the cove cautiously.**

**A BEAT, then Hiccup hears a SNORT from behind him. Hiccup turns to
see the Night Fury, crouched on a rock like a stealthy panther. It
descends, approaching him... ready to pounce.**

o~||

"Again, may I say how much it looks like you want to gobble him
up."

Toothless again smacked her with his tail. Camicazi winces.

"Ow! That one hurt!"

_||In my defense, I was a bit peckish. I had figured out how to fish
in the cove, but it wasn't easy...and there were not many
fish._

o~||

**Hiccup swallows his fear and offers the fish. Doing so reveals the
dagger at his waist. The dragon sees it and hisses. Hiccup reaches
for it, eliciting a growl. He pauses, carefully lifts it by the
handle, and tosses it away. The dragon calms.**

**As it approaches the fish, Hiccup notices that it's missing
teeth.**

Hiccup

Huh. Toothless. I could've sworn you had...

**A set of razor sharp teeth emerge from its gums to grab the fish.
Toothless snatches and gnashes it up, swallowing it.**

Hiccup (CONT'D)

... teeth.

The teeth retract again.

**Toothless presses closer with an expectant look. Hiccup retreats
nervously.**

Hiccup (CONT'D)

Uh, no. No, I- I don't have any more.

**The Fury backs Hiccup against a rock, placing himself the same

position as before. The dragon closes in over him, staring blankly.**

A tense moment passes... then Toothless regurgitates a chunk of fish onto Hiccup's lap. They exchange stares. Hiccup realizes what Toothless wants him to do.

o~||

"Oh god no. You didn't make him..."

"Of course he did."

Camicazi looked at Valka, who was smiling.

"I don't know much about raw fishing, seeing as anything I've eaten was either burnt or rather imperfect in some other way besides being too...er...fresh...but...can't that make him sick?"

"Was he sick when you met him?"

Camicazi looked at her, deadpan.

"He had his head cut off but otherwise he was as healthy as a horse."

o~||

Hiccup crouches slowly and squeamishly picks it up. The dragon waits expectantly. Hiccup gags and gnaws off a bite of the slimy fish. He forces a smile. Toothless mimics him.

Amazed, Hiccup sits up and tries to touch him. Toothless HISSES and flaps off to a crash on the other side of the cove. He BLASTS the mossy ground to a red-hot temperature...and curls up on it like a giant dog.

He turns to find Hiccup seated beside him. Toothless tolerates his persistent presence... until Hiccup tries to touch his damaged tail. He lifts it and glares at him. Hiccup takes the hint and leaves.

o~||

Valka kept her smile at this.

"Ha ha. Curious aren't we? He really did grow to take after me..."

o~||

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COVE - LATER

It's MAGIC HOUR. Toothless wakes, hanging upside down from a tree. He spots Hiccup sitting on the other side of the cove.

Sketching in the sand.

****CLOSE ON a sketch of Toothless. Hiccup draws with a stick, minding his own business. Toothless appears behind him, watching carefully. Aware of his presence, Hiccup continues , trying not to scare him off. Toothless walks off. A moment later, he reappears with an entire sapling, drawing lines in the sand. He rushes here and there, making haphazard lines in every direction, and even smacks Hiccup in the head by accident once in passing with the tree. Finally, Toothless drops the tree and inspects his work. He seems pleased.****

o~||

"Drew him a map to get to you? I notice you made sure your picture was in the middle."

Toothless rumbled and affirmative to her question.

| |I gave him a task to fit the goal. He was next to me in the drawing.

Valka huffed at him before turning back to look at the front.

"Don't give me that, you simply liked the portrait."

Toothless made to swat her with his tail, but she ducked easily and grabbed it in passing, examining it's mechanism.

| |Fine, you win. Yes.

"This is ingenious..."

o~||

****Hiccup stands and takes in the sprawling scribble, amazed by it. He accidentally steps onto one of the lines, eliciting an instant growl from Toothless. He steps on it again. Toothless growls again. Realizing how sensitive he is, Hiccup steps carefully between each line, turning round and round until he unwittingly bumps into Toothless. Toothless snorts. Once again, they're face to face. Hiccup slowly extends his hand. Toothless hesitates. Hiccup turns his head away and closes his eyes. To his amazement, Toothless bridges the gap and presses his muzzle against Hiccup's hand. In a flash, the dragon is gone, leaving Hiccup astounded.****

o~||

"Took you long enough to bond with him."

Valka still had a hold of his tail, so Toothless gave a simple answer.

| |He is the one who shot me down. I wasn't quite ready to trust him, It wasn't easy to love without flight.

o~||

****EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT****

****Gobber and the recruits are seated at the top of an abandoned catapult tower, toasting campfire food around a roaring**

bonfire.**

GOBBER

" **...and with one twist he took my hand and swallowed it whole. And I saw the look on his face."**

(can't deny it)

***I was delicious. He must have passed the word, because it wasn't a month before another one of them took my leg."**

o~||

"Delicious huh?"

Gobber looked at Camicazi side-along.

"Got a better explanation?"

o~||

FISHLEGS

***Isn't it weird to think that your hand was inside a dragon. Like if your mind was still in control of it you could have killed the dragon from the inside by crushing his heart or something."**

o~||

Astrid rolled her eyes.

"Only you Fishlegs, only you."

"Whaat? It was a good idea!"

o~||

SNOTLOUT

***I swear I'm so angry right now. I'll avenge your beautiful hand and your beautiful foot. I'll chop off the legs of every dragon I fight, with my face."**

o~||

"...I...I...I don't even know what to say to that. How does even plan to...how...I mean...HOW?"

Toothless disengages his tail from Valka's absentminded hold and swipes at Camicazi again. She grits her teeth.

"This is animal abuse! Only the opposite form the normal! The animal is abusing ME!"

|_|Deal with it._

o~||

****He postures to Astrid. She rolls her eyes.****

****GOBBER****

****(with a mouthful)****

*****Un-unh. It's the wings and the tails you really want. If it can't fly, it can't get away. A downed dragon is a dead dragon.*****

o~||

||Hmm, I can agree with this, that cove was running out of fish rather fast...

>o~||<p>

****ON Hiccup hiding his horrified look from the others.****

o~||

||Oh, I see. So this is where he starts to make my tail fin.

o~||

****Gobber stands and stretches.****

****GOBBER (CONT'D)****

*****Alright. I'm off to bed. You should be too. Tomorrow we get into the big boys. Slowly but surely making our way up to the Monstrous Nightmare.*****

****(playful, taunting)****

" ****But who'll win the honor of killing it?*****

****TUFFNUT****

****(very matter of fact)****

*****It's gonna be me.*****

****(BEAT)****

*****It's my destiny. See?*****

*****Tuffnut rolls up his sleeve to reveal a red dragon on his arm.*****

****FISHLEGS****

****(GASPS)****

*****Your mom let you get a tattoo?*****

****TUFFNUT****

*****It's not a tattoo. It's a birthmark.*****

****RUFFNUT****

*******Okay, I've been stuck with you since birth, and that was never there before.*******

****TUFFNUT****

*******Yes it was. You've just never seen me from the left side until now.*******

o~||

Astrid looks to the two of them still wrestling on the floor. She see's Tuffnut's arm in passing. There is no tattoo.

"Huh. What was it...wine?"

o~||

****SNOTLOUT****

*******It wasn't there yesterday. Is it a birthmark or a today-mark?*******

******Hiccup gets up and walks away from the group. Astrid notices too late that he's gone, and looks off to where he would have left to see no one there.******

****DISSOLVE TO:****

****INT. BLACKSMITH STALL - MOMENTS LATER****

******Hiccup enters a small room at the back of the stall. It's covered in drawings of weaponry and scale models. He lights a candle and lays his sketchbook out on the desk, opening it to the drawing of Toothless. With a look of determination. Hiccup picks up a charcoal stick and re-draws the missing tail.******

o~||

"Oh so now that Gobber says it's gonna be dead he adds the tail back on it? What's that supposed to mean?"

Astrid groans and puts her head down on the table, not bothering to answer him.

"What's the matter babe?"

"I think it means he plans on making a replacement."

Stoic looks at Fishlegs, aghast.

"Why would he want to do that?!"

o~||

****DISSOLVE TO:****

****INT. BLACKSMITH STALL - LATER****

****CLOSE ON****

****... a creaking leather bellows. The stone forge glows with every pump. Tongs pull intricate iron pieces from the coals. They're dropped onto the anvil, twisted, lightly hammered, and dunked in a barrel. The pieces are carried to Hiccup's workbench and laid out in place on a one-to-one schematic. It's a sketch of a mechanical fin.****

****He pulls bolts from shields and weighs them after founding, and builds the joints to test their movement before fitting leather to the skeleton. He holds his creation up to the light. It's a full scale fin. He snaps it shut to show another schematic of it is now up on the wall.****

o~||

||Huh. He made that rather quickly considering how much work he put into it. Kind of makes me feel bad for what I did to him the first time he strapped it on.

Valka looked at him with a touch of laughter in her eyes.

"Let me guess, you tried to toss him off?"

||...Just watch and see.

"Oh, getting snippy are we?"

o~||

****EXT. HIDDEN COVE - DAWN****

****Hiccup arrives, winded, straining under the weight of a full basket. He clicks the scale he found (like a jar top). Toothless approaches, sniffing him.****

****Hiccup****

*****Hey Toothless. I brought breakfast. I hope you're hungry.*****

o~||

||Yes. Very. I was practically starving by that point.

o~||

****Hiccup drops the basket and kicks it over. Fish spill out.****

****Hiccup (CONT'D)****

*****Okay, that's disgusting.*****

****Toothless approaches, settling in to devour the feast.****

****Hiccup (CONT'D)****

Uh..we've got some salmon...

Hiccup (CONT'D)

" **... some nice Icelandic cod...***

Hiccup (CONT'D)

... and a whole smoked eel.

o~||

"Oh no."

Valka smiles when she sees the eel among the other fish. Live and learn. She turns to look at Toothless.

"You didn't know?"

"I did."

o~||

*((Did you know the original script has Toothless swallowing everything, including the eel, which he then spits out and rubs his tongue along the sand to clean it to rid the taste?))**

Toothless sees it and screeches. Hiccup picks it up and Toothless rears back in fear. Hiccup tosses it off, away from Toothless. The dragon cautiously sniffs his hand and shakes his head to rid the scent from it. Hiccup wipes his hand on his clothes.

Hiccup (CONT'D)

No, no, no! It's okay. Yeah, I don't like eel much either.

**Toothless focuses on the remainder. With the dragon distracted, Hiccup unwraps his prosthetic fin and opens it like a fan.
**

Hiccup (CONT'D)

Okay. That's it. That's it, just stick with good stuff. And don't you mind me. I'll just be back...here. Minding my own business.

Hiccup cautiously approaches the injured tail, but every time he gets near it, Toothless sweeps it away like a cat.

Hiccup (CONT'D)

It's okay.

Hiccup drops a knee on top of the tail. Toothless' head juts up, slows its chewing to a halt. He tests the balanced of his tail as Hiccup straps on the prosthetic and realizes he's on it, and has put the fin on. Stunned, Toothless decides to try something...

o~||

"Oh Odin. No. You're not going to..."

"He is."

Camicazi looks at Valka aghast. Then she thumps Toothless on the side about as hard as she can. He laughs at her, so she continues.

||Hey...hey! That tickles! It does! Hey!

Astrid smirks, but Fishlegs looks concerned.

"Shouldn't he...umm...get off? I mean...ummm..."

o~||

Hiccup (CONT'D)

Okay...okay..

The dragon tenses, slowly spreading his wings. Hiccup straps the prosthetic fin in place. He cinches the straps.

Hiccup (CONT'D)

(PLEASED)

There. Not too bad. It works.

o~||

"Here it comes."

Fishlegs looks alarmed, and even Tuffnut and Ruffnut stop fighting.

"Is he..."

"Gonna fly that thing?"

Both of them look at each other.

"Awesome."

Fishlegs wants to warn him, but it's kinda useless, and he knows it. Astrid looks over at the dragon, which is being...well...massaged...with punches...by Camicazi.

"So I wasn't the only one you threw off!"

Toothless, for his part, grumbled. Not that Astrid could hear or understand him, but he commented anyway.

||I didn't get to throw you off...Hiccup wouldn't let me.

o~||

****Toothless BOLTS! He snaps his massive wings and takes to the air, carrying Hiccup with him.****

****Hiccup (CONT'D)****

" ****Woah! No! No! No!****

****Hiccup struggles to hold on to the tail. As the ground speeds away, Toothless immediately TIPS into a uncontrolled bank and dive. Hiccup sees the folded fin rattling uselessly in opposition to its flared counterpart. Flap as he may, Toothless can't correct his trajectory.****

****Hiccup swallows his fear and crawls toward the folded prosthetic. He reaches it and YANKS it open. The flared, fan- like appendage catches the air, stabilizing the twisting tail.****

****Hiccup (CONT'D)****

****(excited, terrified)****

*****It's working!*****

o~||

"He's flying! He's flying! Hes flying! He's-"

Astrid stuffs a loaf of bread in Fish's mouth, making him choke.

"Okay, we get the point already!"

Fishlegs coughs before coming up for air.

"Flying."

o~||

****Toothless arcs just short of the water and climbs... high into the air.****

****Hiccup (CONT'D)****

*****Yes! Yes, I did it.*****

****He glances back at Hiccup after hearing him, busily holding the tail open while trying to hold on. Toothless banks and tosses him off.****

o~||

"I knew it. But you do realize that without him holding it..."

Toothless grumbles at Valka, but answers anyway.

_||I didn't know then. _

o~||

Hiccup (CONT'D)

AAAAAGGGGHHHHH!

He bounces across the water's surface and takes a dive. Without Hiccup to operate the tail, Toothless does the same, plunging in a massive cannonball. Hiccup resurfaces, roughed up, but beaming. Toothless appears seconds later.

Hiccup (CONT'D)

Yeah!

o~||

"Hah. So he get's tossed too."

"WHY was he flying that thing anyway?"

Astrid doesn't answer Snotlout, but takes a yak leg and stuffs it in his mouth. It was Stoic, the unlikely one, who took an answer, though not loud enough for anyone but the group of people near him to hear.

"He did it because it wasn't right...a beast has the right to run free like any man."

Camicazi rose an eyebrow to that one.

"Am I seriously hearing this coming from dragon hater number one?"

He sighed, and Toothless let him loose a few more degrees.

"I can't simply continue looking at this and continue to pretend I'm not seeing myself. If I were that dragon I would probably do the same thing...and get the same result. To be able to stand on your own, without the help from anyone else..."

o~||

**+~~E~~+**

TheShadoWWorrior, thank you for all those reviews. The curvy line B curvy line was a separator developed by me as a test, it was supposed to represent "Bonds" as in this stories title. As for the skittles...I'm assuming you mean these? "o~||" Those are my new separators for movie to story.

Hiccup is completely gone from the scene. His spiritual body is within the sword.

Hello Ripper, I missed you last time. Thank you for the compliment.

_Johnny, I think you can tell I was rushing pretty badly on that chapter. I was behind, low on patience with myself and indeed low on

time to continue. As for that suggestion, I usually so identify the speakers on a general basis, but this time I was hoping context would do it for me, since most comments would only come from certain mouths based on their character. However! It was unusual of me not to detail who was who. I'm sorry_

_Yes Curry, one of those fat fountain pens. =S. _

_I'm sorry to say I have actually done what you are detailing, a few times actually. _

Though for some of them it was because the section itself went dead.

I have been trying to remedy it, but from the reader point it looks like I'm doing nothing, since it's all done on my computer without posting it. It's a combination of work, current stories, and the fact I have gone through three different machines in my time here.

_You've actually caught me red handed, since I had been planning once I finished "Sanity" or "Lemongrass Stains" to start one of my "abandoned" stories again. Even Lemongrass was an abandoned story at one point. Only unlike so many authors who leave it be...I don't. I came back to Lemongrass. It's next chapter is in progress at the moment, the last one was submitted a few weeks ago. _

_I plan to return to "Night Blue" a Pokemon story; next. _

I also plan on taking a look at "Virtuoso Advocate Prior Avocation Dorsal Residuum" (NO IDEA what I was thinking about when I made that title. It's sinfully complicated...and before you guys ask, Yes, it's in English, and those are all English words.)

Unfortunately...both Chronicles of the Fallen ones and Rivera: The Fallen Land are stories in essentially dead sections, and probably will only be complete in my head, as they are, and never on Fan-fiction. I may condense them into my recycle bin story soon.

Yes, I have a recycle bin. But it's incomplete. I had already deleted much of my writers history before I started it.

Golden Sun: The Adepts War is another unlikely to be continued one. But I just might try.

Besides this, I have a sequel to re-write and post up.

All in all, I have a lot planned besides the new story after this one for HTTYD.

~C F Winchester.

16. Intermission

Review responses at the bottom.

My poll is still up, but it's unimportant atm~.

Dreamworks Animation produced How to Train Your Dragon. Distribution was handled by Paramount Pictures, and the original story was written by Cressida Cowell.

Dean DeBlois, Chris Sanders and Will Davis were in charge of screenplay and script writing. ('Cept Will's name is absent from the script. Shame.)

I know. I know. I need to give you Bonds. But I have hardly done work on the chapter in so long. I have done work on it, but I have been busy. I was preparing for another license examination.

Just like the last two, I passed this one, so that's another weight off me.

Why is it again that people need so many darn LICENSES to do the job they are obviously able to do? Besides blatant extortion and blood pressure raising? (Trust me, if it was just for verification of skill or re-assessment, stick us under a testing area without making us jump through a thousand loops and paying hundreds of dollars. We'd pass or fail the same darn way.

Annnnnny who. No one cares about my life~ You are here for something else. So, I will do for you what I did for Sanity! Intermission time!.

This was written in the original storyline...Bonds can't be placed into this.

It's meant to explore the same feel I gave you in my prologue. I.E: Something like my typical style. Except...well.

You'll see.

_Wrote this in about two hours, edited/touched up it in one, right after passing my cert test. _

**Intermission: Dragons, Dungeons and Yaks.**

"NOW YOU'VE DONE IT!"

Snotlout, bypassing all his boast and bluster about viking pride, ran screaming like a small child who was afraid of spiders and had opened a closet to find it full of tarantulas. Eating small puppies, with candy canes twined in their fangs and hideous chittering noises with their eight legs tied to skates with terrified half eaten wolves howling next to them and marshmallows decorating their bodies and...wait...what?

Oh who cares! Snotlout ran like the devil was on his heels! He took a hard left around a corner and risked a glance backwards from whence he came. The devil was indeed on his heels! Her eyes were on fire!

Letting out an extremely strangled and strangely high pitched scream un-befit a teen of his stature, Snotlout jumped from behind his spot and continued to run. Astrid hot on his heels, her axe held dangerously high in the air and her hair flying free behind her like a streamer heralding the coming of Lenneth for the departed.

Only in Snotlout's case it might as well be Niflheim. Her eyes were alight with rage, and the snarl on her face gave no parley. Astrid wasn't out to take prisoners. She was out for blood.

She swung for his head, and he barely managed to duck his head down in time. His helmet lost a few inches on the horns though, and for good measure it was ripped free from his head and sent flying high into the air. It bounced as they flew past, careening into an unsuspecting viking and beaming them in the face with its now un-even horns. The viking let out a storm of cursing and threw the thing from him, where it smacked against a sheep that sent the thing bleating away to barge into a collective pen.

Behind Astrid and Snotlout as they continued their merry chase, the pen burst free and sheep began to run pell-mell in whatever direction they wanted to, causing an uproar of vikings as they tried to reign them in. Snotlout took a peep behind him and almost lost his nose.

He grabbed a pole and did a one eighty in a swing before he was carried instead to a two seventy. He yelped as the pole received some remodeling work from Astrid as he let go and beat it.

"Stay. STILL!"

"Um, no thanks! Hey hey watch the merchandise-ahhh!"

Having stopped when she told him to stay still unconsciously, Snotlout jumped back to avoid another axe swing after Astrid had attempted to kick him. He broke off running after another swipe of the axe, and ran towards the forge.

Hiccup could calm her down. Hiccup always calmed her down. Snotlout would go back to normal life...but he would need a new helmet, but otherwise a normal life. He bit back a yell when he took a look behind him and saw a barrel of fish flying at him. Had she actually THREW that thing at him?!

He dodged the fish bomb and zigzagged away when it burst open and scatter fish everywhere. Gobber, who was passing by, slipped on a fish and went sailing into a trowel for yaks, and a fish decided to land on his head.

Terrible terrors instantly attacked the fish, and Gobber was left behind yelping obscenities and beating off Terrors from his face.

"OI! These things are going to-arrgh, that's my backside, I ain't got no fish in there yah devils!"

No, Astrid had kicked the barrel, but that's besides the point is it? Snotlout thought back. What had he done really? Just his usual behavior as far as he could tell. He flirted with Astrid a little, but he could tell she liked it. Uhh...he had beaten her in a competition and had demanded a kiss...then she got mad and he had said something...but there was something else...oh and speaking of...

"HOOKFANG! WHERE ARE YOU?"

Even as he said it, he saw the dragon lounging on top of a house. He had been watching him run the whole time...and hadn't helped. Snotlout stopped and looked at him.

"Hookfang! Get down here now!"

Hookfang, to his credit, simply nestled his head further down and fixed Snotlout with large, unblinking eyes. He seemed to personify the saying:

"You've done it now, and I'm not going to save you this time."

"Oh come on!"

"HAAAH!"

Snotlout spun around and scampered just in time not to become a new tree for Astrid to swing at. He beat it at the forge, where he saw Hiccup emerge sporting a large pile of weapons in his arms. He swallowed whatever was left of his pride and screamed at the the top of his lungs for all to hear the line that would be the bane of his existence one day.

"HICCUP; SAVE ME! SAVE ME! SHE'S GONNA KILL ME!"

Hiccup, so addressed, looked up. His face went from amusement at Snotlout's predicament, to worry at Astrid's expression, to flat out horror at the sheep that he saw piling behind them, unnoticed by the pair of them. The sheep trampled on trowels and sent barrels flying as they ran, and they had started the yaks off too...and unlike sheep, yaks were a lot scarier when they stampeded...fish flew everywhere and terrors and dragons dove in for the fresh meat like gore crows after a war.

Hiccup didn't know whether he should face-palm, yell for someone, or something...or just laugh out loud at the sight. He settled for a mute call for the dragon inside, the weapons cascading from his arms.

"Toothless..."

Toothless was there, solid and dependable. Hiccup flew to him and jumped to strap himself in. They took off together, a single entity in the sky, where the dragon's famous wingtips snapped straight and with his vertical takeoff, made the sound that inspired fear in the hearts of vikings and beasts alike.

"Plasma blast, now! There!"

Without hesitation, Toothless shot directly at Snoutlout. Needless to say, he screamed bloody mercy and ran, Astrid passing him and only slowing as she saw the bolt sail over her head and land where they had been, kicking up a shock wave of dirt and snow that stunned the foremost sheep into cowing. Toothless flew higher and upon command shot four more blasts at the other streets, stopping sheep dead.

Well not literally dead, Hiccup was certain his father didn't want THAT much mutton YET. But they stopped running about and as they clogged the streets, the Yak had no choice but to slow down too.

Vikings rushed up to secure them, but below, the fighting wasn't done.

Snotlout had been backing up steadily against Astrid's continued swinging, and he stumbled over the pile of discarded weapons left behind by Hiccup. Now with victory in sight, Astrid let out a cry of delight and rose her axe as Hiccup came down.

"HICCUP HELP ME PLEASE! I'M BEGGING!"

Hiccup jumped from Toothless before he managed to land properly and landed hard, but he had been practicing for that, and rolled on the ground to compensate. He pulled a blade from his belt in one fluid motion and slashed it against a discarded grind stone as he came up by Astrid and Snotlout. He grinned at the successful move even as he felt a little dizzy from it, but his grin was only half, as the grindstone by the forge hadn't done what he had hoped.

Astrid's axe collided with his blade and he had to slip away from the brutal cut. She was stronger than him and far better trained, and sparks flew from their contact. However...

The sparks did what the grindstone had not, and ignited his flint dusted, oiled blade. The flames danced and caught Astrid's attention, making her pause. She looked from the downed Snotlout and then Hiccup's blade as some sense came back to her eyes.

She spun from Hiccup and Kicked Snotlout viciously in the ribs.

"THAT'S for making me kiss you."

She rose a foot and Hiccup, knowing already what was coming, winced and turned away as she stomped right down on him on his groin area. His muted ow from the kick turned into a high pitched whistle like a balloon letting out air.

"THAT is for everything else...and you..."

She turned to Hiccup and worked her face a bit before punching him in the arm.

"That's for saving him!"

Hiccup gave a half smile as he swung the blade and doused it in a barrel of water near them.

"Better that than having to exile you for murder."

Astrid rolled her eyes at that comment.

"Maybe. That blade, how did you get it to stay on fire like that?"

Hiccup grinned. He opened his mouth to explain, but at that moment a few vikings ran past being chased by a few more rouge yak and sheep, and Gobber came around yelping with a few terrors attached firmly to his butt cheeks.

"Oh sweet Odin my undies! My smooth baby bottom!"

Hiccup pulled a face and Astrid looked at the running Gobber like she wanted to puke. Hiccup summed up the moment with a few choice words.

"There is an image that will stick with me for all eternity."

~o~

"But I didn't DO anything!"

"Stampeding the Yaks, destroying property, stampeding SHEEP-"

"Yeah you know about that Stoic, do yah know how hard it is to make those things move? I think that's the most exercise they've had in a while."

Stoic turned, exasperated, to look at Gobber. He stood in the kill ring, pacing back and forth as he bellowed at Astrid and Snotlout, with Snotlout openly complaining.

"That's NOT the point Gobber! You'll hear from me too, running about like an animal with it's head chopped off with Terrors on your rear and eyes yelling about your skivvies!"

He rounded back on the pair of teens.

"Stampeding SHEEP, dozens of Vikings injured, one has nearly lost an eye from Snotlout's helmet of all things...causing the dragons to go crazy from all the flying FISH...oh Odin I'm getting a headache. Look, the two of you just stay in there until I sort this all out!"

Astrid, appalled, finally spoke up.

"I'm not staying in here with HIM! I'll kill him first!"

Stoic, not bothering with the pair of them, closed the gates on the pen that once held a dragon. The cage was dark, and little sound penetrated the thick stone walls and wooden doors. Snotlout banged on them anyway, wailing in plea for his life as he felt a hand touch his shoulder with vice like nails digging into it's flesh.

"No, NO! Please, no please- I'm too young and beautiful to die! I need to die in battle, not killed by a girl! Ow! No! That's my OUCH OH THOR NO HELP ME PLEASE! HOOKFANG, TOOTHLESS!"

"HICCCCUUUUPPP!"

Somewhere else in the village, Hiccup sneezed and wiped his nose. He frowned at the blade in front of him. It's wasn't allergy season...he looked around the smithy.

Gee. He knew Gobber had been around here today, so he couldn't be so traumatized as to not work at the forge...

Above him, on the roof, a Terrible Terror chewed on a piece of pants. Odin knows where it got it from, but it seemed to be enjoying it

immensely.

I wonder what viking would be so tasty?

__**~E~**__

_Glad that Toothless gave you some of the signature love, johnny. XD
I love writing for him, Hiccup and Loki. Speaking of
Loki..._

_TheShadoWWorrior, in the story, not counting the times I have used
the word in response to your review, "Skittle" has been used three
times. Chapter 2, Chapter 8 and Chapter 10. Now it's not the only
thing I can use no. I could say an avalanche. I could say pigeons
scattering, I could say a lot of things. _

_Funny thing is I have not even eaten the things in years. _

Your wish is granted Fragments of Imagination.

_Lupa Altre, I thank you for those words. I guess I could say that my
"popularity" is usually slow growing, but I can't say that I'm
lonely, I have you guys to satisfy now, don't I? Thank you
again._

_Jeremy, know that in taking so long with Chapter 12, I will not
leave you guys empty handed. I do plan on also putting a large amount
of effort into twelve, as I have a lot of ground to cover and I don't
have another license to re-certify for as of yet. At least not for a
few months. So all the effort will be paid forewards._

17. Decadence

__Review Responses on the Bottom.
>Rating Poll is still up.__

__This is why I hate summer. No time to write. Then when I do, I'm
too exhausted to write. Then I'm finicky on what to write for. Then I
decide, keelhaul it, and don't write anything. __

__It's not even writers block, since I know exactly what I want to do
in every story. It's cajoling the words from head to screen. They
want to stay in me and not come out.__

__I swear I'm getting more stupid daily.__

__Either that, or my words are afraid of
rejection.__

__**Sigh**__

__**The death of summer is the birthplace of my writing.**__

Long, overdue.

~C F Winchester, Finalage.

**Bonds Under Ocean Waves**

**Chapter Twelve:**** Decadence**

Stoic watched the portal as it shifted instantly from the failed teamwork of Hiccup and Toothless to Gobber's voice.

EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - MORNING

GOBBER (O.S.)

Today is about teamwork.

||o~

Toothless rolled his massive eyes, and Stoic himself couldn't help but smile, all a bit grimly... at the coincidence. Camicazi summed up the moment in one less word than Gobber.

"Oh the irony."

||o~

Work together and you might survive.

ON A DOUBLE-WIDE DOOR. Gas seeps through the cracks.

It BLASTS OPEN. A cloud of smoke engulfs the ring, swirling

around the paired-up teens. Astrid with Ruffnut. Snotlout

with Tuffnut. Fishlegs with Hiccup. All carry buckets of

water, poised to throw them.

GOBBER (CONT'D)

Now, a wet dragon head can't light its fire. The Hideous Zippleback is extra tricky. One head breathes gas, the other head lights it. Your job is to know which is which.

The smoke encircles them, cutting them off from each other.

The teens LISTEN and WATCH for any sign of the dragon.

FISHLEGS

(muttering to himself)

Razor sharp, serrated teeth that inject venom for pre-digestion. Prefers ambush attack, crushing its victims in its...

Hiccup

(TENSE)

Will you please stop that?

||o~

Tuffnut took a bite out of a yak leg and pointed it at the offender.

"Yeah Fish, you're even making my head hurt, and I'm not even there."

Ruffnut smirked before elbowing Tuff in the chest.

"That's not all that hard to do idiot..."

Tuff, about to take another bite, paused in thought at that one. Then he shrugged.

"My point still stands."

||o~

****ON SNOTLOUT AND TUFFNUT****

****Moving nervously through the fog, back to back. Snotlout is****

****singing to himself to calm his nerves.****

****SNOTLOUT****

*****If that dragon shows either of his faces, I'm gonna-*****

****(spotting an approaching shape, terrified)****

"-There!*****

****Snotlout and Tuffnut HURL their water into the fog.****

****ASTRID****

*****Hey!*****

****RUFFNUT****

*****It's us, idiots.*****

****Astrid and Ruffnut are soaked.****

****TUFFNUT****

*****Your butts are getting bigger. We thought you were a dragon.*****

||o~

In the present, Ruffnut punches Tuff in the face, and whatever was in his mouth goes flying out unto another viking. His yak leg smacks Snotlout in the nose, but at the moment, he wasn't really interested in all that. He was too busy getting mauled.

No one noticed Loki slinking off into the shadows.

||o~

****SNOTLOUT****

****(TO ASTRID)****

*****Not that there's anything wrong with a dragon-esque figure.*****

****Astrid ELBOWS Snotlout in the face. Ruffnut DROPS Tuffnut****

****with a PUNCH to the throat.****

****ASTRID****

*****Wait.*****

****They FREEZE. A tail SWEEPS out of the fog, taking them down.****

****Their buckets spill.****

||o~

Camicazi rolled her eyes. Now who were the pair of idiots?

||o~

****ON FISHLEGS AND Hiccup coming across them. They see the****

****puddles of spilled water.****

****TUFFNUT****

*****Oh, I'm hurt. I am very much hurt!*****

****FISHLEGS****

" **Chances of survival are dwindling into single digits now..."**

****Hiccup****

" **Look out!*"**

****A Zippleback head emerges out of the smoke. Fishlegs hurls****

****his water at it, completely dousing the head. It leers and****

****opens its mouth, spewing gas into the area.****

****FISHLEGS****

Oh. Wrong head.

GAS FLOWS around their legs. Fishlegs flees in a panic.

||o~

Stoic looks on, a bit surprised.

"Huh. Hiccup is the last standing."

Camicazi sighs at this comment.

"Don't get me wrong, I'm on Hiccup's side an all, but...he's last standing out of pure luck here...and in this case it's not really lucky when you're the last person standing in a ring that's about to explode..."

||He's still alive, so he got out of it somehow.

||o~

GOBBER

Fishlegs!

**Beat. **

A clicking sound comes from behind them. Sparks flash in the smoke.

GOBBER (CONT'D)

Now, Hiccup!

The other head sweeps out of the smoke. Hiccup hurls his

water with all his might. It arcs and drops short of the

dragon's sparking mouth. The dragon grins, savoring the kill.

Hiccup

Oh, come on!

||o~

Snotlout, at this moment, bursts out laughing.

"Oh man even I feel bad for that one. Useless has no luck!"

||o~

GOBBER

" **RUN, Hiccup!***

****Gobber COVERS his eyes.****

****GOBBER (CONT'D)****

*****Hiccup!*****

****Beat.****

****The Zippleback hesitates. SNIFFS. Then retreats.****

****The teens get to their feet, watching transfixed. Gobber****

****peeks through his fingers to see...****

****The Zippleback backing away from Hiccup. He stands and holds****

****his hands out, as if controlling it.****

||o~

Valka smirks as she remembers something, but Stoic and even Toothless stare transfixed, confused and a little awed...until Toothless too remembers something.

Then he dips his head, hiding a growing "smile"...until he can't anymore and belts out his own rare laughter. Stoic stares at him as if he suddenly went Zippleback and grew another head.

A dragon.

Was laughing.

Stoic still didn't get it, so he looked to Camicazi, since Valka seemed already to have gotten it and was placating Toothless before he caused mass panic.

"Do you...?"

"I think I do. But watch."

||o~

****Hiccup****

*****BACK! BACK! BACK! Now don't you make me tell you again!*****

****The Zippleback retreats through its door and into its cave,****

****hissing.****

****Hiccup (CONT'D)****

" **Yes, that's right. Back into your cage."**

****Hiccup slyly OPENS his vest, revealing the spotted smoked EEL****

from earlier. He TOSSES it inside the door, then SLAMS it

shut.

Hiccup (CONT'D)

Now think about what you've done.

||o~

||I'm certain that he is.

Stoic smiles now. Oh Odin's beard it was simple. So simple...and yet so intelligent. He had taken a chance...and it had payed off...

...and now the boy was dead.

It struck him quite like a blow from Thor might have been. The boy was dead...and the fault was his. Directly, he had landed the felling blow. On his side, Toothless watched the man's face fall.

||So it begins, your punishment. Listen to your son's words. Think about what you've done.

Valka didn't hear him; and Stoic certainly couldn't, but Cami did. Her face screwed up some, but she made no comment.

...Thor Almighty...maybe we didn't have to kill them with battle but could have driven them off with eels...and he knew this. What have I wrought? I was not wrong...but was I right?

||o~

Hiccup turns to the teens and Gobber. They stare, slack-jawed

Hiccup (CONT'D)

Okay! So are we done? Because I've got some things I need to...

Hiccup jogs out of the ring, past the speechless group.

Hiccup (CONT'D)

Yep...see you tomorrow.

Astrid SNEERS. Something's going on.

||o~

"Hey! I don't remember doing that!"

Astrid went, for a shocking surprise, un-noticed. Even Camicazi wasn't giving her the time of day this time. She was left to stew and watch her own face sneer.

"I'm certain I didn't sneer like that..."

||o~

EXT. WOODS/COVE - SUNSET

BEGIN MUSIC MONTAGE

INT. BLACKSMITH STALL - Hiccup'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

**Hiccup cuts and stitches leather, draws and shapes steel.
He**

**works by candlelight. An overhead shot reveals what
he's**

**building: a harness, complete with handles and foot
pedals.**

EXT. COVE - DAY

**Hiccup appears before Toothless, holding the new
prosthetic.**

**Toothless runs off as Hiccup chases him
down.**

Hiccup

Hey!

||o~

Valka smiles at the play act. Toothless huffs, which only makes Valka grin more. Stoic looks slightly horrified.

"Are they...playing Mouse?"

Valka's smile turns to him.

"Yes Stoic...yes they are."

"...A dragon playing mouse with a viking...and not eating them at the end of it..."

||o~

EXT. COVE - DAY

**Toothless and Hiccup are zooming over the ocean. The
tail**

breaks free sending Hiccup flying.

Hiccup

Yeah! Whoa!

INT. BLAKCSMITH STALL - LATER

**Hiccup adjusts the harness and uses a metal clamp to

affix**

himself to Toothless' saddle.

||o~

Stoic, seeing his son fly off like a boulder from a catapult shook his head.

"Huh. I never thought..."

Valka rose an eyebrow. Stoic continued.

"He's so scrawny. He's so...small. But he's as stubborn as any...and just as able to get back up again. I always thought he'd be...fragile."

Valka shook her head at that one.

"No Stoic. You always had said he was strong...maybe along the way you forgot that...but he never stopped being strong."

Sighing, he looked back at the portal.

"I was not wrong."

Valka made a face at that. It was Camicazi who decided to speak for her, because it looked like Valka might hurt him instead of speaking soon...and Stoic needed to be conscious to learn a lesson...

"Then you still haven't learned anything."

Stoic whipped his head, beard swishing, to catch the girl's eyes, but she wasn't obliging him. Grumbling, he looked back to the portal once more. His voice rose as he spoke again.

"I was NOT wrong."

||Saying it louder doesn't mean saying it stronger. No longer so sure, he turns to anger as his ally. I admit. I like your plan better. Eating him would have been far to quick.

Camicazi had nothing to say to that.

||o~

EXT. SKY/FIELD - DAWN

Hiccup and Toothless zip through the air - his rudimentary

harness and tail controls are working, barely. They crash-

land in an open field.

Hiccup recovers to find Toothless still rolling around in the

**tall grass. Hiccup discovers that it's a patch of

Ã¢â,¬Ëædragon-**

**nip.' Toothless writhes on his back, tongue wagging,
in**

complete bliss.

_||Ahh yes, I enjoyed that. Very much. I wanted to go back but some
fool Nightmare burnt the grass by nesting there, then flaring up as
he woke._

EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS â€" MORNING

**A Gronkle humbugs around, smashing into barriers as the recruits
run in terror. Seeing Hiccup, it makes a beeline for him. Hiccup
grabs the head as instructed, then discreetly pulls a fistful of
Ã¢â,¬Ëædragon-nip' and presses it up to the Gronkle's nose. It
immediately stops struggling and goes weak in the knees. Hiccup drops
the handful of dragon-nip to the ground. The Gronkle goes down with
it, whimpering and blissful. From Gobber and the recruits' point of
view, Hiccup is controlling the Gronkle with no more than a limp
arm.**

||o~

Stoic once again shakes his head at the
spectacle.

"Oi."

||o~

EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON

**The recruits walk home together, surrounding Hiccup
and**

BOMBARDING HIM WITH QUESTIONS.

FISHLEGS

***Hey Hiccup, I've never seen Gronkle to that
before.***

TUFFNUT

How'd you do that?

RUFFNUT

It was really cool.

He squirms and invents an excuse.

Hiccup

Ohh uhh...I left my axe back in the ring.

He turns and hurries back.

****Hiccup (CONT'D)****

*****You guys go on ahead and I'll catch up with you.*****

****Astrid watches, suspicious.****

****||o~****

"I refuse to look and listen at this, it's making me out in the the villain here!"

Camicazi only gives a small smile in answer to this, as again Astrid is ignored. She stewes silently as Camicazi thinks quietly to herself only one thing.

Right now, at this stage, you kinda are.

****||o~****

****EXT. COVE - LATER****

****Hiccup gives Toothless a good scratching, rubbing him about everywhere to the dragon's enjoyment... until he scratches Toothless underneath the chin, instantly causing him to relax and fall over, in a doze.****

****||o~****

Stoic looks on with eyes widening.

"What?! You're telling me I can just..."

Without warning, Stoic pulls an arm free of Toothless's hold and rubs him in the exact same spot, just barely within reach. Toothless stiffens and Stoic laughs prematurely.

|_|Oh...he's...going...to pay for this...when I get up..._

"Ha, see, it's not tru-"

Toothless, having enough, conked out, his head flopping down on the ground, and Camicazi was upset from her current position. She screwed up her mouth and re-adjusted herself in a huff.

"Warning next time!"

He frowned at that.

"The beast would have known."

Camicazi narrowed her eyes.

"So you admit he can understand you. Stop calling him a beast then."

Stoic spluttered.

"I said NO such thing!"

"Oh aye. You did."

She settled herself and ignored Stoic. He glared once before looking back to the portal and muttering.

"Said no such thing."

He barely felt the punch on his arm.

||o~

EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - LATER

An angry Deadly Nadder approaches Hiccup. Just as Astrid moves in to strike, Hiccup performs his special rubbing technique, which sends the Nadder down. Astrid and the other kids look on from the sideline in amazement.

INT. MEADE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Hiccup sits down at a table to eat. The other recruits notice him and move over to his table to talk to him " leaving Astrid alone.

FISHLEGS

Hey Hiccup!

SNOTLOUT

What was that? Some kind of trick? What did you do?

TUFFNUT

Hiccup, you're totally going to come in first, there's no question.

Astrid looks on before slamming her cup down on the table, spilling some liquid in her anger.

||o~

"Okay. Okay. I'm SORRY. Are you HAPPY now?"

Astrid practically yells it out, and Camicazi only turns to look at her as the scene stops and blackens Heimdall having need of a break. He didn't stop for the outburst. Oh no...that was...coincidence. Yes.

Cami, noticing that the yell seems mostly directed at her, speaks.

"Not me you have to apologize to."

||o~

**+~~E~~+**

_Not worth the wait, yes I know. However, my buffer was not large, sumer gives me NO time and this fall was not much better I'm

afraid._

~C F Winchester.

End
file.